



1168

26.285

Sir John Denham (1668?), probably bearing in mind his savage criticism of George Wither, wrote a Psalter which was not published until long after his death. He was better entitled to the praise of "fluent sweetness" than Francis Rous. Here is a verse from his Ps. cxlv.—

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VERSI  
ON  
OF THE  
PSALMS  
OF  
DAVID,

Fitted to the TUNES USED  
in CHURCHES.

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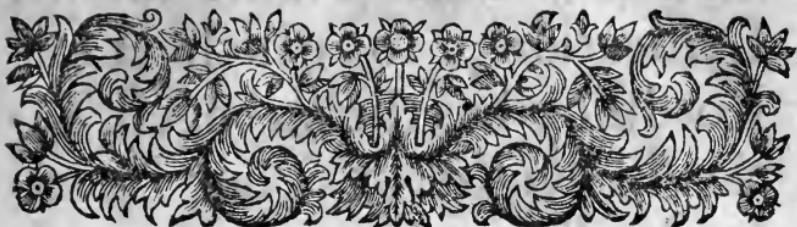
By the Honourable  
Sir JOHN DENHAM,  
Knight of the Bath.

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LONDON,

Printed for J. BOWYER at the Rose in Ludgate-street, H. CLEMENTS at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard, T. VARNAM and J. OSBORN at the Oxford-Arms in Lombard-street. 1714.





T O

The Right Honourable

THE

Earl of D E R B Y.

My L O R D,



Could not think my  
self free from the  
Imputation of the  
highest Injustice, if I had pre-

fix'd any other Name to this Dedication ; to which Your Lordship has the strongest Title, in Right of Your Excel- lently Pious Confort, Grand- Daughter of Sir JOHN DEN- HAM, and only Daughter of Sir WILLIAM MORLEY of *Halnaker*, deservedly memora- ble for his sincere Affection to the Church of *England*, and Loyalty to his Sovereign. Nor could I have chosen a more Worthy Patron for this last Performance of so Celebrated a Man, than Your Lordship, whose truly Honourable Fami- ly is equally eminent both for its Important Services to the Crown, thro' many Descents, and

and for its Antiquity ; Your Lordship being the First Earl in the United Realm of *Great Britain.*

The Fine Genius of Sir JOHN DENHAM, appears every where in his former Writings ; yet in This, the Product of his Piety and retired Years, He seems even to have excell'd Himself.

The Royal Author, indeed, in the Original, speaks with Inspired Eloquence, and in some of his Triumphal Hymns with such Pomp of Figures, Luxuriance of suitable Metaphors, and such Heights of  
A 3 Ima-

Imagery, as no other Part, even of Sacred Writ, has equal'd, and which no Translation can reach : Yet we may observe in the present Version, a most devout Elevation of Soul, and wonderful Energy and Beauty of Expression. How comprehensive is our Poet, even in a very little ! And how, like the Character of his own *Thames*,

*Strong without Rage, without  
o'erflowing Full ?*

So that all his other Monuments, rais'd by Verse to perpetuate his Memory, seem mere Vanity to This, and unworthy to

to be compar'd with this Excellent Design, which is fitted for the Service of the Church of G O D.

Sir JOHN DENHAM owns he was provok'd to this Attempt by the Imperfections of the Version then, and still continued in Use, to the Wonder of the Present Age, so knowing in Numbers, and so exquisitely refin'd in its Taste.

Your Lordship will be my Voucher, how the Original Copies of Sir JOHN DENHAM came first into my hands, and that after they had lain

lain a considerable time with the Right Reverend Father in God, G E O R G E Lord Bishop of *Winton*, I return'd them to Your Lordship's Family; from whom I receiv'd them again, by my Honour'd Friend W I L -  
L I A M M O R L E Y Esq; Brother to your Excellent Lady, with Commands to transcribe them for the Press. And as I readily engag'd in the Undertaking, so I was oblig'd to proceed in it with the utmost Care, because of the numerous Interlinings which were made, in a Hand not very easy to be read.

But

But that which more particularly moved me to finish this Work, was a sight of some late Translations of the Psalms, which I perceiv'd to fall as short of Sir JOHN DENHAM's Spirit, as they exceeded him in Length. And when I had writ out the whole, I offer'd it to the Perusal of several Eminent Judges; among whom was that Great Ornament of the Church of *England*, Dr. SHARPE, the late Archbishop of York, who prov'd of it so far, that he often intimated his earnest Desire to see it Publish'd: Wherefore, instead of making any Apo-

Apology, I shall only ask pardon for not putting it sooner in Print.

And thus, MY LORD, This long-conceal'd Manuscript, and most Excellent Piece of Divine Poefy, comes abroad under Your Lordship's Protection ; whose Illustrious Name will most effectually recommend it to the World for general Use : And it is with the utmost Satisfaction and Pleasure I embrace this Occasion of doing my self the Honour of Publishing this Valuable Work of Your Great Ancestor ; and of declaring at the same time, with

with the Profoundest Respect,  
how much I am,

MY LORD,

*Your Lordship's most Obliged*

*And most Obedient Servant,*

Heighes Woodford.

Mr. Fletcher O'Flora Esq.

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# The P R E F A C E,

## By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

**M**Y old Master *Virgil*, when it came first into his thoughts to write of high Things, tells us that *Apollo* the Inspirer of Poets pull'd him by the ear, advising him, That a Shepherd ought to mind his Sheep, and to sing only of low and humble Things. My new Master *David* (who at first was a Shepherd, as well as the other) speaks to the same purpose, from a higher Spirit than *Apollo's*, in Psalm CXXXI. *Lord, my Heart is not haughty, nor mine Eyes lofty, neither do I exercise my self in great matters, nor in things which are too high for me.* Tho it may seem these two Rules might have reasonably prevented this bold Undertaking;

yet since I find that neither of these Authors constantly follow'd his own Dictate ; one of them proving the highest Poet that ever *Rome* produc'd, and the other not only above him in That, but in Prophecy above All others, before, or since, till the *Messiah*, who was to descend from Him, came into the World : And since the Examples that Great Men shew us, prevail more than the Precepts which they give us, this might make some excuse for my Presumption. Yet I was far from undertaking this Work upon these, or any Suggestion, or Instigation of my own ; being sollicited, and almost forc'd to it, by many of my Learned Friends, both of the Clergy and Laity, and some of them as well vers'd in the Art of Poesy as in most of the other Liberal Sciences. Beside, this Work of mine is but a mere Translation ; and being so, I durst not add any new Ornamentals of my own to so rare and accomplish'd a Piece, lest I shou'd be thought to pretend to the same Spirit with which the Divine Author wrote. My chief Design also has been only

only to make my Copy to come as near the Original, as the Change of Language, Time, and Place cou'd admit, without the least Superfetation of my own Fancy.

To this end I first consulted with the best Commentators I cou'd meet with ; and of them all, I find my old Friend Dr. *Hammond* the best : Next with the three Paraphrasts, *Buchanan*, *Woodford*, and *Sandys*. The first is a most Eloquent Poet, and nearest the Antients of any that I have seen, except that Great Ornament of the last Age, *Grotius*. The Stile of his Version is found and just, and always suited to his Subject ; so that the Learned Pope *Urban VIII.* who was likewise an Excellent Poet, said of it, — *Twas pity it was written by so great a Heretick, for otherwise it shou'd have been sung in all Churches under his Authority.*

As for Dr. *Woodford*, I wish he had sav'd me this Labour : but his Verse is not for Singing, but Reading ; and I am sorry he did not separate his own Conceptions from the Author's. If it had stood by it self, or as a Comment

or Descant, it wou'd have been a very fair Piece, having nothing heterogeneal or incoherent with the Sense of David : And had it only touch'd the Hem of the Garment, it wou'd have look'd like the well-shadow'd Colours wrought about the Church's Vest of Gold in the *Canticles*. There can be no Emulation between him and me; for where there is no Resemblance, there is no Comparison. All the quarrel I have to him, is, first that he did not, as I said, save me this pains ; and then, that by some modest Expressions in his Preface, he seems to invite, or indeed to provoke me to a new Attempt. But by the Pleasure of reading his Paraphrase, I was easily and perfectly reconcil'd to his Preface ; saving that if I stand accus'd of too bold an Undertaking, I must in part lay it to his charge. id est non videtur) Et si non  
et Mr. Sandys is more Musical in some respects than Dr. Woodford, it but as short of him in Depth, as he is in Length ; shorter than he in his Stanza's, but much more short in his Fancy, and more alien to the Text. For Dr. Woodford's Length is

is only in order to Fluency and Roundness of Expression, and the better to fit his Paraphrase for private Meditation and Delight, which I wou'd not willingly have lost. But Mr. Sandys's Brevity makes him now and then irregular, obscure, and without that agreeable taste which becomes so weighty an Argument.

For other Translations after the common Way and Measures, I most approve Mr. Barton's of any that I have seen ; who being a great *Hebrician*, brings his Version very near the Original : yet even he, as the rest of the Translators, tho he has not paraphras'd, has us'd frequently the Figure *Periphrasis*, or *Circumlocution* ; and either to make the Rhime more easy, or the Sense more plain, has made the whole Work languishing, and enervous.— King James's Version I have not seen, nor Sir Philip Sydney's ; and I find the last in his *Arcadia* very unhappy in his Verse.

It may not be amiss here to observe, there is another Fault into which most of our ordinary Translations run, viz. That by making the Translation of al-

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most every Psalm run in the same Measure, and consequently to be sung to the same Tune, they wholly mistake the Design of the first chief Author, who when he wrote Psalms of Praise, Thanksgiving, or Rejoicing, uses sprightly and cheerful Airs, and the brightest Images. When he mourns for his Transgressions, and bewails his Afflictions, how sad and dejected are even his Expressions ! And what a zealous, fervent, moving, and reconciling Spirit runs thro all his Penitentials !

These Decorums the larger Paraphraſts (to do them right) have in a great measure observ'd ; and I shou'd have follow'd them closer, had I oftner us'd the Verse of ten Syllables in those high Raptures which some of the Psalms present. But Verse of this length being uncapable to be ordinarily sung (tho against the Opinion of some of my Learned Judges) I made none of them beyond eight Syllables, the Number of the Hundredth Psalm, the most grave and graceful of all our Tunes.

'Tis

'Tis now high time to make some Apology for, or Reflection rather upon my self, according to the old known Rule,  
*Qui alium incusat, ipsum se intueri oportet.* And that which I shall say both ways, is this: If many others had not given me example, I had not err'd now. If (tho not led by Example) I now err; as I was not the first, so I fear I shall not be the last; or rather hope I shall not be the last, who shall set upon so noble a Work, as must be own'd the restoring the Royal Poet to his first Dignity and Honour. And truly I am so far from envying any Man, who may perform better than my self, that I shall count it my best Desert, and the fairest Reward for what I have endeavour'd, to have been the happy Occasion. Finally, if I have committed an Error, there are so many Accessorys to it, that even those, to whom I appeal'd as my Judges, are in some part as guilty as my self. For as I said above, I made not this Attempt *ex mero motu*, but upon the Invitation, and almost Importunity of my most Learned Friends. The Animad-

versions above made upon the Paraphraſts and Translators, were not ſo much my Arguments as theirs. And tho this may plead ſome excuse for my Errors, I know not whether it will for theirs ; who having ſo many among themſelves muſt more able, notwithstanding laid this burden upon my weak ſhoulders.

But that which prevail'd moſt with me, was the Change which Age and many Infirmitys had made in me : And to encourage others to undertake it after me, I advise no Man to diſhearten himſelf by the Sense of Age, or Decay of Strength. For as Wit and Invention are the proper Fruits of Youth, ſo Judgment and Experience are the Product of Age ; Qualifications conſiderably more important to ſuch an Attempt as this, than the other, which are ſuffer'd to range, for want of ſuch a Moderator, many times further than is either just or decent. For by Age, Wit and Invention, like Fruits, are brought to their best Perfection ; and tho not ſo sharp and quick, are render'd more mellow, whole-

wholesome, and agreeable. And that I may not seem to maintain a Paradox, I experimentally found (the exuberant Excrescences of Youth dropping off by Maturity of Years) that it was much less difficult to suppress the Ebullitions of my Fancy, than I fear'd it wou'd have been ; and from the same Cause (being recover'd from the youthful itch of quaint Expressions) I experienc'd that a little Force serv'd my turn, to confine my self to such a proper Plainness as might not be contemn'd by the Learned, yet understood by the Vulgar: imitating the old Fable, of neither flying too near the Sun, lest I burn my Wings ; nor too near the Sea, for fear of being plung'd headlong into it. And herein I follow'd the Rule of that excellent Judg *Horace* (at least endeavour'd it) not to be too short to avoid Obscurity, nor too prolix lest my Nerves and Spirits shou'd fail. However, believing I cou'd not use too much Cau-tion in such an Affair, after the Child was so well grown, that the first fond-ness was fallen off; I sent it forth to be fed,

fed, fashion'd and educated by others. He who took most care of it, was the Person most proper to do it, the Right Reverend Father in God, *John Lord Bishop of Chester*; the same Dr. *Wilkins*, whom Dr. *Woodford* mentions in his Preface, as his Encourager, and with whom I have had a long and most friendly Acquaintance. A Person not only of much, but of most refin'd Learning; and not only so, but a Promoter and Incourager of other learned Men to co-operate with him, in redeeming this learned Age, not only from its own Defects, but from those it had receiv'd and contracted from its Ancestors.

Now amongst our many vulgar Errors, the obsolete and unbecoming Dress wherein our singing Psalms have so long been disguis'd, seem'd not the least to this judicious Prelate. A Version which in most Places mistakes, in many contradicts the Sense, in some makes it none at all, and throughout the whole embasses and depraves the Splendor and Purity of the Original. And indeed tho Zeal in the beginning of the Reformation,

tion, and Ignorance of the Laws of Numbers in that Age, may be pleaded for bringing our ordinary singing Psalms into the Church, after the Example of the Reform'd of a Neighbour Kingdom: yet they cannot justify the Continuance of them without Correction and Amendment, in an Age so clear-sighted as the present, and to which it is no small Scandal, that this most shining part of Divine Service shou'd be still eclips'd by the Darkness wherewith that first Essay has obscur'd it. It looks as if Poesy were so fatally divorc'd not only from good Sense, but from Divinity (tho' it was the first Conveyer of it to Mankind) that it were impossible they shou'd ever meet again. And I cannot but mention with Honour my Friend Mr. Cowley, who was the first who of late offer'd to redeem her from that Slavery, wherein this deprav'd Age has prostituted her to all imaginable Uncleanliness. Dr. Woodford has happily seconded him, and I hope I shall not be the last, who shall make it appear that Devotion and Poesy are not utterly incon-

consistent. It is well urg'd by Mr. *Barton*, in his Preface, out of *Malachi*, *If ye offer the Blind for Sacrifice, is it not Evil?* *And if ye offer the Sick and the Lame, is it not also Evil?* Since the Service of God is look'd upon as a Burden, and the Way to Heaven is truly said and found to be narrow and strait, it were to be desir'd not only to make this part of the Burden, which consists of Psalmody, light, and this Path as smooth as we can; but if it were possible, instead of painful, and steep, and rugged, to render it easy and delightful.

One main reason there is, which I think makes the Work necessary, which yet I wou'd not mention but that the Cry of the Nation calls for it; and it is that Spirit of Profaneness which is gone out amongst us, in whom, if ever, the Prophecys of St. Peter and St. Jude are fulfil'd, *That in the last Days Mockers shall arise*; a Profaneness that was unknown even to Heathens, the making Sport with Scripture, and turning it into Ridicule. This is our Unhappiness, and many Scoffers to our Reproach are among

mong us; tho it were to be wish'd, that too sad occasion were not by some among us given. For tho any Man, who dares be so bold, may with the help of very little Wit scoff at Religion (as the best things may most easily be abus'd) and tho such, who want not shame to do it, are yet further encourag'd by the Standers-by; yet I am afraid the vulgar Translation of the Psalms, which we keep in use, may have promoted this bold and most profane Licentiousness. Dr. *Brown* might have done well to place in the Catalogue of his vulgar Errors, the great addiction which some have to a Version so barbarous, and wherein is expos'd, I fear, to contempt the most noble and highest Part of Holy Scripture, the Work of inspir'd Minds all of it, and among all these of two the greatest in their kind, *Moses* and *David*; one of whom God calls his Friend, the other the Man after his own Heart.

For the way of my Translation, I have kept as near as possibly I cou'd to the Letter, and never willingly vary'd from

from the Sense, unless it be to make it plainer to *English* Ears than the Original, which in my Opinion was absolutely necessary. For the *Hebrew* is so short and abstruse a Language, that many single Words of it, to be rightly understood by us, must be turn'd into a kind of Sentences. And to shew that I have no other Ambition thro the whole Undertaking, than the Service of God, of this blessed Church my Mother, and of my Brethren its Members ; if the Plainness of my Verse make it not despicable to High Understandings, nor the closeness of Sense, unintelligible to meaner Capacitys ; I have both attain'd my own end, and serv'd that of Poesy, *Delectare & Prodeesse*, to profit and delight.

I shall say no more for my self, but that if my Harp may in any degree echo and keep time to *David's*, I shall think it both a good Service done to him, thus to wipe off the Dirt thrown upon him, and no ill Office done to this learned Nation, to take away, tho it be late, the Reproach which has too long

long lain upon it, of not having sooner wip'd it off. And if I have any Talent of this kind, I am sure I cou'd not do better than to employ it to the Honour and Service of him who gave it me. Having endeavour'd so to employ it, I shall think my self very happy if I become useful and profitable to others. For God made none of us to serve our selves only (tho the present Practice of the World runs that way) but to be as serviceable and beneficial to the rest of Mankind as is possible. It is confess most of our natural Inclinations are generally against the Commands of God; these therefore we are to correct: but some there are which are not, and in these we cannot do any thing better than to follow Nature, guided by our Reason. Of this latter sort is Poesy; and the Inclination which I have to it, came to me by Nature from my Infancy, before Reason cou'd direct: Yet as I came early to it, so I early laid it by in pursuance of other Inclinations, it may be less innocent. So that if in my self I make the Proverb good, *That*

*Age*

xxviii      The PREFACE.

*Age does repuerascere, and often relapses into the Inclinations of Youth,* I shall not repent, if the end prove good. Nay, tho' I fail of my Expectation from others, I will please my self with the good Intention which I have all along had towards God, who accepts the Will for the Deed. And as I hope he will take it in part of repayment of that Talent which I have so long mispent, so I beg that it may favourably be look'd upon by Him to whose Service it is devoted, the World's Great Saviour, his only Son; and receiv'd as a Mite of that large Debt which he has paid for me to his Eternal Father.

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The

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# The First Book of P S A L M S.

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## P S A L M I.

**B**EST is the Man, who never treads  
Those Paths, where evil Counsel leads ;  
In Sin's deep Ways nor standing fast,  
Nor on high Seats, with Scorners plac'd.

2 But makes God's Law his whole Delight,  
His Meditation Day and Night.

3 As Trees, when set in even Ranks,  
Where living Streams inrich their Banks ;

Their Branches fwell'd with quickning Juice,  
In season joyful Fruits produce ;  
No Blasts the Bud, or Leaf impair :  
So all his Actions prosp'rous are.

4 Thus fares not the Ungodly Man :  
As Chaff from Corn the Wind does fan,

5 Sinners, when Judgment is at hand,  
Amongst the Righteous shall not stand.

6 The Just Man's Ways to God are known,  
The Wicked perish in their own.

## P S A L M II.

1 Y E Heathen, why with one accord  
Do you what's vain design ?

2 Rulers in League against the Lord,  
And his Anointed join ;

3 Let's from their Bonds (say they) get free,  
Their Cords asunder torn.

4 But God, who them from Heaven does see,  
Their Folly laughs to scorn.

5 Thus speaks he, when his Wrath, grown great,  
With Horror them shall fill :

6 In *Sion* yet my King I'll set  
Upon my Holy Hill.

7 Then I of God's Decree must say,  
What he declar'd to me :

Hail, my Beloved Son, This Day  
Have I begotten Thee !

8 The Heathens Land at thy request,  
By Right of Birth descends  
On Thee : Thy Realm shall be increas'd  
To Earth's remotest Ends.

9 Thou them like Potter's Clay shalt break  
With thy strong Iron Rod :

10 Then Kings and Judges, Wisdom seek,  
11 And trembling worship God !

12 Oh,

- 12 Oh, kiss the Son, lest from the Way  
 Your falling Him offends :  
 His Wrath but kindled, blest are They  
 Whose Trust on Him depends !

## P S A L M III.

- 1 L O R D ! How the Number multiplies  
 Of Those, who to afflict me rise ?
- 2 How many say, that God my Lord  
 Will to my Soul no Aid afford ?
- 3 But Thou hast still my Head upheld ;  
 Thou art my Glory, and my Shield.
- 4 My Crys the Ears of God did fill,  
 Who heard me from his Holy Hill.
- 5 I laid me down, and sweetly slept ;  
 For me my God in safety kept.
- 6 Nor shall I fear ten thousand Foes,  
 Who me on ev'ry side inclose.
- 7 Save me, my God ; my Lord, arise,  
 For Thou hast smote my Enemys :  
 Their Jaws have felt thy mighty Stroke,  
 Which all their pois'nous Teeth has broke.
- 8 From God alone Salvation flows ;  
 To Him their Blis his People owes.

## P S A L M IV.

- 1 O Lord my God ; the Righteousness  
I have, I owe to Thee :  
Thou hast enlarg'd me from Distress ;  
Lord hear and pity me !
- 2 Ye Sons of Men, how long will ye  
My Glory turn to Shame ?  
How long, in love with Vanity,  
Of Lyars bear the Name ?
- 3 God for himself will sep'rate all  
Who True and Righteous are :  
Then know, when I on him do call,  
The Lord will hear my Pray'r.
- 4 Oh, stand in awe, and do not sin :  
When in thy Bed thou art,  
In the deep silent Night, begin  
To commune with thy Heart.
- 5 Confide in God, and to Him pay  
Off'rings of Righteousness.
- 6 Many have said, Oh where are they  
Who us with Good can bless ?  
O Lord ! to us thy Favour show,  
Display thy saving Light ;
- 7 Gladness shall then my Heart o'erflow,  
And fill with pure Delight,

More

## PSALM V.

5

More than when Corn and Wine increase.

8 Our Beds he does inclose

With safety : I'll lie down in peace,  
And take my sweet Repose.

## PSALM V.

1 **L**ORD ! weigh my Thoughts, a gentle Ear  
To these my Meditations lend !

2 My God ! my Supplications hear,  
When to thy Throne my Crys ascend !

3 My Pray'rs, before the morning Light,  
Shall to thy Name directed be :

4 No Wickedness endures thy sight,  
Nor any Evil dwells with Thee.

5 The Fool before Thee shall not stand,  
Nor he, whose Tongue a Lye shall forge :

6 Thou hat'st the Evil-doing Hand,  
Deceit and Blood shall feel thy Scourge.

7 But me thy many Mercys move  
Up to thy Temple to resort :  
Then, fill'd with Fear, and Holy Love,  
I'll worship in thy sacred Court.

8 With Right'ousness make strait my Path,  
Because my Enemys are strong :

9 Neither their Heart nor Mouth have Faith,  
Their Throat's a Grave, a Snare their Tongue.

- 10 By their own Counsels first betray'd,  
Let their Transgressions them destroy ;  
With their huge heap of Sins o'er-laid :  
11 Then shall the Righteous shout for joy.

In Songs their Praise they shall express ;  
Thy Favour still on them descends :  
12 Th' Upright in Heart the Lord will bless,  
And like a saving Shield defends.

## P S A L M VI.

- 1 L O R D ! not in Wrath my Heart deject,  
Nor in thy Fury me correct !  
2 Oh ! pity me, for I am weak,  
And fear my Bones so bruis'd will break.  
  
3 How long, O Lord, shall I be griev'd ?  
Nor my tormented Soul reliev'd ?  
4 Return, Return, and ne'er forsake  
My Soul, for thy own Mercy's sake !  
  
5 Of Thee, when dead, no sense we have ;  
For who can praise Thee in the Grave ?  
6 Tir'd with my mid-night Groans, I make  
My Bed, with Tears, a briny Lake,  
  
Where, in my sleep, I seem to swim ;  
7 My Eyes with grief grow weak and dim.  
8 Away Profane ! The silent Crys  
Of humble Tears, God ne'er denies.

- 9 The Lord my Supplication hears,  
And to my Pray'rs inclines his Ears.  
10 May all my Foes be troubled fore ;  
And lost in shame, return no more !

## P S A L M VII.

- 1 O Lord my God, I trust in Thee ;  
From Persecutors rescue me !  
2 Like Lions they my Soul wou'd tear  
In pieces, when no Help is near.

- 3 My God, if I have spoke what's ill,  
Or wicked Deeds my Hands did fill ;  
4 If Evil I for Good repaid,  
Or falsly have my Friend betray'd :

- Nay, if I have not rescu'd thosē,  
Who without cause have prov'd my Foes ;  
5 Then let them make my Life their Prey,  
And in the Dust my Honour lay.

- 6 Arise, O God ; with thy just Rage,  
The Fury of my Foes assuage :  
To thy establish'd Judgment wake,  
For thy Assembled People's sake :

- 7 Who, when they see thy Arm rais'd high,  
Thy Sacred Name shall magnify.  
8 God, who shall judg the World, does see  
My Innocence, and sets me free.

- 9 Lord, pay th' Unjust their Recompence,  
And to the Faithful give defence :  
The Righteous Man God justifies ;  
For ev'n the Heart and Reins he tries.
- 10 From God, I my Protection have ;  
He the Upright in Heart will save.
- 11 If God the Just in Judgment weigh,  
He smites the Wicked every day.
- 12 Unless they turn, his Sword he whets,  
And on the String his Arrows sets ;
- 13 Prepares all Instruments of Death,  
To stop the Persecutor's Breath.
- 14 Who first conceives, then big with Sin,  
In Travail bears a monstrous Twin ;  
Mischief and Falshood forth are brought :
- 15,16 But in the Pit himself had wrought,  
17 He falls ; while I to God will bring  
My Pray'rs, and to his Name will sing.

## P S A L M VIII.

- 1 O Lord, thy Excellence is known  
Throughout the Earth's Extent ;  
Thou sit'st upon thy Glorious Throne,  
Above the Firmament.
- 2 Babes newly born, who draw the Breast,  
With strength thy Pow'r proclaim :  
So Thou the Rebel hast supprest,  
And dost th' Avenger tame.

3 When

- 3 When to thy Glorious Works on high,  
I raise my humble Thought ;  
The Sun, the Moon, the spangled Sky,  
All by Thy Finger wrought :
- 4 Alas ! what's Man, I then reflect,  
Or those who from him spring,  
That God shou'd visit, or respect,  
Or love so low a thing ?
- 5 Next Angels, is his Glorious State ;  
A Crown adorns his Brow :  
6 All Things which else Thou didst create,  
To his Subjection bow :  
7, 8 Their Wealth for Tribute, as his own,  
Air, Earth, and Sea present.  
9 O Lord, Thy Excellence is known  
Beyond the World's Extent.

## P S A L M IX.

- 1 O L O R D, my Heart shall magnify,  
My Voice thy Works proclaim :  
2 The whole Assembly, O most High,  
Shall praise thy Glorious Name.  
3 When by thy Presence put to flight,  
My Foes I did defeat ;  
4 My God, Thou didst maintain my Right  
On thy High Judgment-Seat.  
5 By thy Rebuke the Heathen stand  
To just Destruction doom'd ;  
6 In Dust the Citys of their Land,  
And ev'n their Name's intomb'd.

7 But

- 7 But God for ever shall endure,  
     His Judgment-Seat's prepar'd :  
 8 Mankind, his Sentence just and pure,  
     Shall equally reward.  
 9 The Lord the Troubled does relieve,  
     Gives Refuge to th' Opprest ;  
 10 And they who in his Name believe,  
     At length are surely blest.  
 11 In *Sion*, where the Lord does rest,  
     His mighty Works declare :  
 12 When after Blood he makes Inquest,  
     He hears our humble Prayer.  
 13 From Troubles, which, from those who hate  
     Thy Servant, I endure,  
     Free me ; as once Thou from the Gate  
         Of Death didst me secure :  
 14 That in the Gates of *Sion* We  
     Thy Praises may resound,  
     And that we may her Daughters see  
         With thy Salvation crown'd.

## P A R T II.

- 15 Into the Pit the Heathen run,  
     Which their own Hands have wrought ;  
     And in the Nets themselves have spun,  
         Their heedless Feet are caught.  
 16 The Lord's high Judgment is declar'd  
     By his own fix'd Decrees,  
     Whilst the Ungodly is ensnar'd  
         In his own Practices.

## PSALM X.

11

- 17 The Wicked, and who God defy'd,  
    Have Hell their certain Lot;
- 18 But when the Poor and Needy cry'd,  
    God never them forgot.
- 19 Rise, Lord, and to the Heathen show  
    Thy mighty Pow'r; and then
- 20 Their Fears shall teach them, only Thou  
    Art God, and they but Men.

## PSALM X.

- 1 **L**ORD, why art Thou from us so far,  
    While we in great Afflictions are?
- 2 Thy Face from us why dost Thou hide,  
    Chas'd by the Wicked's Rage and Pride?

Let them in those Designs be lost  
3 Themselves have laid, who vainly boast  
    Their Heart's at Ease, and fill'd with Stores,  
    Yet covet more; which God abhors.

- 4 His Countenance is rais'd so high,  
    His soaring Thoughts ev'n God defy:
- 5 He thinks, as far remov'd he is  
    From God's regard, as God from his.

- 6 Puffs at his Foes, and says, his State  
    Is safe, above the Pow'r of Fate;
- 7 His Mouth with Blasphemy is fill'd,  
    His Tongue in Lyes and Mischief skill'd.

8 And

- 8 And as the watchful Lion lies  
In Covert close, his Prey to seize,  
9 He in his lurking Places sits,  
Till o'er the Poor he draws his Nets :  
  
10 Puts on Humility's Disguise,  
Till the Deceiv'd he can surprize ;  
11 Thinks, of such things God takes no care,  
Or they by Him forgotten are.

## P A R T II.

- 12 Lift up thy Hand, O Lord, and rise ;  
To Thee for Aid the Humble crys.  
13 The Wicked say, 'Thou mindst not them ;  
And in thy Poor, they Thee contemn.  
  
14 But Thou behold'st their cruel Spite,  
And all their Malice wilt requite.  
To Thee the Poor flies in Distress,  
And Thou wilt help the Fatherless.  
  
15 Lord, so destroy this wicked Race,  
That nor their Name remain, nor Place !  
16 The Heathen of the Land are slain,  
But God eternally shall reign.  
  
17 Prepare our Hearts, and then thy Ear  
Freely our humble Crys will hear :  
18 Nor shall the Orphans and Distrest  
By Earthly Man be more opprest.

## P S A L M XI.

- 1 **T**HO I on God alone rely,  
He bids my Soul, like Birds, take Wing,  
Who chas'd unto the Mountains fly.
- 2 My Foes keen Shaft is on the String,  
His Bow against me he prepares,  
That he may shoot me unawares.
- 3 If the Foundations are laid waste,  
Alas ! where shall the Righteous lie ?
- 4 Tho God in his High Throne is plac'd,  
The Sons of Men his Eyelids try.
- 5 The righteous Man he trys and proves,  
But hates the Soul which Rapine loves.
- 6 On them, who Wickedness pursue,  
Snares, Fire and Brimstone are distil'd ;  
This horrid Portion is their Due,  
And with these Dregs their Cup is fill'd.
- 7 But Righteousness is his Delight,  
His Face irradiates the Upright.

## P S A L M XII.

- 1 **H**HELP, Lord ; for Godliness is lost,  
And Faith from Earth departs ;
- 2 Men to their Neighbours falsely boast,  
Or lye with double Hearts.

- 3 But Lips of Flattery God cuts off,  
    The Tongue of Pride he'l curb,  
4 The Tongue which at all Pow'r does scoff;  
    *What Pow'r shall us disturb?*
- 5 God, to relieve th' Opprest, will rise;  
    Tho now they sigh and weep,  
    He their Despisers shall despise,  
        And them in Safety keep.  
6 Than Silver, seven times purify'd  
    By Fire, his Word's more pure :  
7 His Power the Just from Spite and Pride  
    For ever shall secure.
- 8 Th' Ungodly shall on ev'ry side  
    Run to and fro amaz'd ;  
When those, whom they with Scorn deride,  
    To Honour shall be rais'd.

## P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **W**IILT Thou for ever, Lord, forsake,  
    And hide thy Face from me?  
2 I, whilst my Soul's Advice I take,  
    My Foes exalted see.  
    New Sorrows daily seize my Heart ;  
    Me in remembrance keep :  
3 Thy Light to my weak Eyes impart,  
    Lest I in Death shou'd sleep !

- 4 For then my Foe will say, 'tis he  
Against me has prevail'd ;  
And they, who trouble me, will be  
O'erjoy'd when I'm assail'd.  
5 I still God's Mercy trust ; my Heart  
Shall in his Aid rejoice :  
6 Lord, since to me Thou bounteous art,  
To Thee I'll raise my Voice.

## P S A L M XIV.

THE Fool has said, and none but he,  
In's Heart, that there's No Deity.  
They are corrupt, and ev'ry one  
Abominable Works hath done.

- 2 God from above Mankind did view,  
If any Him or sought, or knew :  
3 All turn'd aside, are filthy grown ;  
No Good they practise, no not one.  
4 Have ye no Knowledg of my Pow'r,  
That you like Bread my Saints devour ?  
On the Great God they never call,  
5 Tho into horrid Fears they fall.  
  
Because the Lord supports the Just,  
6 They mock the Poor, who in Him trust.  
7 From *Sion* may Salvation come,  
And Captives fetch'd, from Exile, home !

↓

Then

Then *Jacob's* Offspring shall rejoice,  
And *Israel* raise his cheerful Voice.

## P S A L M XV.

- 1 WHO shall ascend Thy Holy Hill,  
Who in thy Tent abide?
- 2 He who obeys Thy righteous Will,  
Whose Lips have never ly'd.
- 3 He who backbites not with his Tongue,  
Nor does delight in Spoil;  
By false Reports who none does wrong;
- 4 Who does despise the Vile?

But those who honour God he loves;  
He ne'er his Oaths suspends,  
Tho what he swears his Damage proves;

- 5 Nor for base Us'ry lends:  
Who nor for Hire, or vile Rewards,  
The Innocent betrays.  
He who these Rules with Care regards,  
A firm Foundation lays.

## P S A L M XVI.

- 1 O GOD, on whom my Soul does rest,  
Defence to her afford;
- 2 She says, that what's by her possest,  
Is nothing to her Lord.
- 3 In what is Hers, to Saints who dwell  
On Earth, she yields a Right,

Such

Such as in Piety excel,  
Are only her Delight.

- 4 Who after other Gods make hast,  
Shall multiply their Woe :  
Their Blood-crown'd Bowls away I'll cast,  
Their Names I will not know.
- 5 The Lord is my Inheritance,  
Who makes my Cup o'erflow ;  
His Providence, not heedless Chance,  
My happy Lot did throw.
- 6 Into a Place of great Delight,  
Thy Line did me conduct :
- 7 Thou giv'st me Counsel in the Night ;  
My Reins my Heart instruct.
- 8 My God before my Eye does stand ;  
Nor can I be destroy'd,  
Whilst his Assistance is at hand :
- 9 For this my Heart's o'erjoy'd.

In Glorious Hope my Flesh shall rest,  
10 My Soul not left in Hell :  
Nor He, who with thy Unction's blest,  
Shall in Corruption dwell.

11 Thy Hand the Path of Life shall show,  
Thy Presence fills with Joy ;  
All Pleasures at thy Right Hand flow,  
Which Time shall ne'er destroy.

## P S A L M XVII.

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy Ear attend my Crys,  
Which from unfeigning Lips arise ;
- 2 By Thee my Sentence be declar'd,  
For equal Things thy Eyes regard.
- 3 My Heart by Thee is try'd and weigh'd,  
And all my nightly Thoughts survey'd ;  
Thou nothing there amiss shalt find,  
Nor shall my Mouth bely my Mind.
- 4 Whate'er Men do, rul'd by thy Word,  
I the Destroyer's Paths abhor'd.
- 5 In all my Paths be thou my Guide,  
Then shall my Footsteps never slide.
- 6 Lord, when I call, incline thy Ear ;  
Whene'er I speak, vouchsafe to hear.
- 7 Hold forth thy saving Hand to those,  
Who trust in Thee against their Foes.
- 8 Me, like thy tender Eye-ball, keep ;  
Let thy Wing shade me when I sleep,
- 9 Secure from my oppressing Foes,  
Who like Besiegers me inclose.
- 10 Roll'd up in their own Fat they fwell,  
And with their Lips proud things they tell ;

## PSALM XVIII.

19

- 11 Our Steps they have encompas'd round,  
Fixing their Eyes upon the Ground :
- 12 As Lions hunt, their Prey to catch,  
For which their greedy Young Ones watch.
- 13 Arise ; defend my Soul, O Lord,  
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword ;
- 14 Who in this World take up their Rest,  
And on thy hidden Treasures feast :  
Daughters and Sons, a numerous Train,  
Possess their Riches, that remain.
- 15 But still this Hope abides with me,  
In Right'ousness thy Face to see ;  
I shall rejoice, when, wak'd from Rest,  
Thy Likeness is on me imprest.

## PSALM XVIII.

- 1 **T**HREE will I love, O Lord most High,  
2 My Rock, my Fort, Defence and Power ;  
The Strength on which my Hopes rely ;  
Horn of Salvation, and high Tow'r.
- 3 My God, thou hast deserv'd my Praise,  
Who hast redeem'd me from my Foes :  
4 Like swelling Floods themselves they raise,  
And me with thousand Fears inclose.

- 5 Sorrows of Hell incompas me,  
And Death had laid out all her Snares ;  
6 In my Distress I call'd to Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, hast heard my Pray'rs.

From his high Temple God did look,  
When my loud Crys had reach'd his Ear ;  
7 Then the Earth's firm Foundation shook,  
And trembling Hills confess'd their Fear.

8 His Nostrils breath'd a smoking Cloud,  
His Mouth pour'd out a flaming Flood :  
9 Descending, the High Heav'ns he bow'd ;  
Under his Feet thick Darkness stood.

10 He on the Cherubim did ride,  
And on the Wind's swift Wings did fly ;  
11 A dark Pavilion did him hide,  
Of troubled Sea and clouded Sky.

12 Hailstones and Firebrands led the Van,  
The Skys were then with Thunder rent ;  
13 His Voice thro th'airy Region ran,  
14 Whence he his flaming Arrows sent.

15 When routed with his Shafts they fled,  
The Earth did her Foundations shew ;  
16 Nor cou'd the Rivers hide their Head,  
Such Terror from his Nostrils flew.

## P A R T II:

- 17 God from the Rage of swelling Waves,  
 And from my powerful Enemy,  
 My Life from those who hate me saves,  
 And those who were too strong for me.
- 18 Their Speed did e'en my Fear prevent,  
 By him deliver'd from their Might :
- 19 Into a pleasant Land I'm sent,  
 Because in me He took delight.
- 20 His Love was by his Justice seen,  
 According to my Innocence :  
 My Heart was pure, my Hands were clean,  
 And equal was his Recompence.
- 21 For in his Ways I walk'd upright;  
 Nor wickedly did thence depart ;
- 22 His Judgments still were in my Sight,  
 Nor did I from his Precepts start.
- 23 That I might keep unstain'd, my own  
 Vain Inclinations I declin'd:
- 24 My Purity his Eyes have known,  
 And I a just Reward shall find.
- 25 Thy Mercy will it self declare  
 To those, whose Mercy Thou dost see :

- 26 Perfect with those, who perfect are ;  
To the Perverse, perverse wilt be.
- 27 Thou the Afflicted still wilt right ;  
Make humble, or pull down the Proud :
- 28 Thy Glory will my Taper light,  
And all my Darkness shall uncloud.
- 29 I, by thy Aid, have won the Field,  
And o'er the hostile Trench have leapt :
- 30 God's Ways are try'd, his Word's a Shield  
To those, who his Commands have kept.
- 31 For who is God except the Lord ?  
And who a saving Rock but He ?
- 32 'Tis He who girds me with my Sword,  
And clears my way to Victory.

## P A R T III.

- 33 My Feet are swifter than the Roe ;  
I to high Place, and Pow'r am brought :
- 34 My Arms can break an Iron Bow,  
And He my Hands to fight has taught.
- 35 Thou gav'st me, Lord, thy saving Shield ;  
Thy Arm did me to Honour guide :
- 36 My Steps are by Thy Pow'r upheld,  
So that my Feet shall never slide.

37 My

- 37 My Foes I chas'd, and overtook,  
 Who after some Resistance fled ;  
 Nor till they fell did backward look,  
 38 And all beneath my feet lay dead.

- 39 With Strength I girded was from God,  
 To bring Destruction on my Foes :  
 40 Upon the Necks of those I trod,  
 Whose Pride and Hate against me rose.

- 41 For Help to God in vain they cry,  
 For He delighted in their hurt :  
 42 Like Dust before the Wind they fly,  
 I cast their Bodys out like dirt.

#### P A R T IV.

- 43 From Tumults, Strife, and Mutiny,  
 From pop'lar Rage He did me save :  
 Kingdoms and Lands, unknown to me,  
 My God to my Subjection gave.

- 44 Strangers have my Commands obey'd,  
 As soon as they my Fame did hear :  
 45 They by degrees shall fall and fade,  
 And in close Covert lurk for fear.

- 46 God ever lives, my Rock is strong,  
 To Heav'n shall his Salvation rise ;  
 47 He's th' Avenger of my Wrong,  
 'Tis he pursues my Enemys.

48 He all my Dangers does remove,  
Against my Foes he gives defence :  
By Him I stand, advanc'd above  
The Sons of Fraud and Violence.

49 I'll praise the Lord for Conquests won,  
To praise him I'll the Heathen teach :  
50 To his Anointed, and his Son,  
He will eternal Blessings reach.

## P S A L M . X I X .

1 **T**HE Heavens above and Firmament,  
Their Maker's handy Works present,  
Most Glorious and Magnificent.

2 Successive Days and Nights to each,  
3 Without the help of Thought or Speech,  
Their High Creator's Wonders teach.

4 Their Sound the whole Earth does rehearse,  
His Knowledg does it self disperse  
Throughout the boundless Universe.

There he enthrones the Sun, whose Face,  
5 Like a fresh Bridegroom's, shines with Grace ;  
Who like a Giant runs his Race.

6 His Progress round the World extends ;  
And where his Course begins, it ends ;  
Which Light and Heat to all things lends.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Heart,  
His Testimonys never start,  
They Wisdom to the Weak impart.

- 8 The Statutes of the Lord are right,  
Filling our Souls with great Delight ;  
So pure, they bless our Eyes with Light.
- 9 The Fear of God is clean and pure,  
And shall for ever so endure ;  
His Judgments Righteous, True, and Sure.
- 10 Gold not so much commands our Wills ;  
Nor Hony, which from Combs distils,  
With greater, or like Sweetness fills.
- 11 With Care thy Servants these regard ;  
For if they keep them, the Reward  
Is Great thy Bounty has prepar'd.
- 12 What Man his frequent Lapses knows ?  
First what he blushes to disclose ?  
Then what from bold Presumption grows ?
- 13 For he who sins against his Sense,  
Betraying his own Innocence,  
Is guilty of the great Offence.
- 14 May what is spoke or thought by me,  
My Strength, and my Redeemer, be  
Accepted and approv'd by Thee !

## P S A L M XX.

- 1 IN the sad Day of his Distress,  
O Lord accept our King's Address !
- 2 Thou, who art Jacob's God, be ours ;  
Help from above to Sion send,
- 3 Who Thee with humble Vows attend,  
Whilst Flame the Sacrifice devours.

4 Grant

VO/

- 4 Grant him, O Lord, his Heart's Desire,  
And make his Purposes intire !  
 5 That his Salvation may be known,  
Our Standard in thy Name we'll plant ;  
Thou, what we ask, wilt kindly grant,  
 6 And thy belov'd Anointed own.

Now are we sure th' Almighty hears,  
His Hand in our defence appears.  
 7 In Horse and Chariots some confide,  
But on Almighty God we call :  
 8 We stand upright, they bow and fall ;  
 9 For God our Pray'r has not deny'd.

## P S A L M XXI:

- 1 **T**HE King, whom thy Support has blest,  
Shall in thy saving Health rejoice :  
 2 Thou grantest him his Heart's Request,  
And of his Pray'r hast heard the Voice.  
  
 3 Thy Favours his Desire prevent,  
A Crown of Gold his Head has grac'd ;  
 4 He ask'd for Life, which Thou hast lent,  
A Life that shall for ever last.  
  
 5 In thy Salvation he shall rest,  
With Dignity and Honour clad ;  
 6 By Thee he stands for ever blest,  
Thy Favour still shall make him glad.

- 7 Trusting in God, the King shall stand,  
Fix'd in a never-moving State.  
8 Thy Foes by thy avenging Hand  
Are foil'd, and Thou repay'ft their Hate.  
  
9 Thy Wrath like a hot Oven glows ;  
Thy Fury like devouring Flame,  
10 Their Stock and Fruit, which from it grows,  
Destroys, and ev'n their Place and Name.  
  
11 Mischief conceiv'd in their Intent,  
To the full Birth they cannot bring ;  
12 Against their face thy Bow is bent,  
13 Therefore thy Pow'r with Praise we sing.

## P S A L M XXII.

- 1 **M**Y God, why dost Thou me forsake ?  
Nor on my Woes Compassion take ?  
Nor hear the mourning Cries I make ?  
2 Tho Night and Day my Griefs I tell,  
3 Thou hearest not ; Thou who dost dwell  
I' th' Holy Place of *Israel*.  
  
4 Our Fathers put their Trust in Thee ;  
5 From Bondage Thou didst set them free,  
And mad'ft 'em thy Salvation see.  
6 I, tho a Man, a Worm am made ;  
7 The Mockers me with Scorn invade,  
And nodding at me, thus upbraid :

8 Thou

- 8 Thou to God's Favour dost pretend ;  
 And Him we shall believe thy Friend,  
 When thee, from us, he shall defend.
- 9 When I was from the Womb releas'd,  
 10 And nourish'd by my Mother's Breast,  
     Thy Favour with my Strength increast.
- 11 Lord, set me free from Pain and Care !  
 12 On me the Bulls of *Bashan* stare,  
 13 And fierce like roaring Lions are.  
 14 Like Water, Blood my Veins forsakes ;  
     Grief, from my Joints, my Sinews shakes ;  
     My Heart dissolves like melted Wax.
- 15 My Vigour like a Potsherd's dry,  
     Fix'd to my Jaws my Tongue does lie,  
     And I feel Death before I die.
- 16 Fierce Dogs and Wolves I stand betwixt,  
     Men worse than they with them are mix'd,  
     My Hands and Feet they have transfix'd.
- 17 My Bones they count, and me deride ;  
 18 My seamless Robe they'l not divide,  
     But by the Lot the Prize decide.
- 19 Lord, know me in that dreadful Hour,  
 20 Nor me abandon to their Pow'r,  
     Nor let the Dogs my Flesh devour ;
- 21 Nor let me be by Lions torn,  
     Nor gor'd defenceleſs by the Horn  
     Of the destroying Unicorn.

22 The Congregation shall record  
 Thy Praise ; thy Name shall be ador'd  
 By all who love and fear the Lord.

23 Ye in whose Heart his Fear does dwell ;  
 His Praise, ye Sons of Jacob, tell,  
 And all ye Seed of Israel.

24 Th' Afflicted he did not despise,  
 Nor from their Sorrow turn his Eyes ;  
 His Ear was open to their Cries.

25 Th' Assembly shall regard that Day,  
 And all who thy Commands obey,  
 When I my grateful Vows shall pay.

26 The Meek shall on his Blessings feast,  
 And after God make such Inquest,  
 As shall be heard from East to West.

Him all the Sons of Earth shall own,  
 28 Acknowledging He rules alone ;  
 And that from his, they hold their Throne.

29 All whom Earth feeds shall him adore,  
 Him all who die shall bow before ;  
 For none can his own Soul restore.

30 These things, their Voice, whom God does own,  
 31 Shall make to after Ages known,  
 For they by God's own Will were done.

## P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 **M** Y Shepherd is the living Lord ;  
 2 To me my Food and Ease  
     The rich luxuriant Fields afford ;  
     The Streams my Thirst appease.  
 3 My Soul restor'd he'l gently lead  
     Into the Paths of Peace ;  
 4 To walk in Shades among the Dead,  
     My Hopes, not Fears, increase.

His Rod and Staff are still my Guide,  
     He stands before my Foes :  
 5 For me a Feast he does provide,  
     My sparkling Cup o'er-flows.  
     He with sweet Oil anoints my Head ;  
 6 His Mercy, Grace, and Praise,  
     Have me into his Temple led,  
     Where I will end my Days.

## P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **G** O D form'd the World, the Earth is his,  
     And so are they for whom 'twas made ;  
 2 For which i' th' insecure Abyss  
     His Hand secure Foundations laid.  
 3 Who on God's holy Mountain stands ?  
     Before his Presence who appears ?  
 4 Ev'n he who has clean Heart and Hands ;  
     Nor falsely, no nor vainly swears.

5 He

5 He Blessings from the Lord receives,  
And God to him Salvation gives.

6 'Tis Jacob's Offspring, which implores  
To view their God's immortal Face.

7 Stand open ye Eternal Doors,  
To let the King of Glory pass:

8 Who can the King of Glory be?  
The Lord of Hosts is only He.

9 Ye mighty Gates, lift up your Heads,  
Your everlasting Leaves display;  
His Hosts the God of Battel leads,  
And thro these Gates will take his way.

10 Who can the King of Glory be?  
The Lord of Hosts is only He.

## P s A L M XXV.

1 **T**O Thee I lift my Soul; on Thee,

2 O Lord, my Trust I place:  
Let not my Foes triumph o'er me,  
Nor fill with Shame my Face.

3 Thy Servant let no Scorn attend;  
Be't theirs, who without Cause offend!

4 Shew me thy Ways, O Lord, and teach  
Thy Paths of Truth to me;

5 To me thy high Salvation reach,  
Who wait all day on Thee.

†

6 Thy

6 Thy antient Kindness not forget,  
 7 And Mercy to my youthful Heat.

- With Mercy, for thy Goodness sake,  
 O Lord remember me:  
 8 God's Uprightness shall Sinners make  
 His righteous Way to see.  
 9 The Humble he in Judgment guides,  
 10 And him who in his Law abides.  
 11 Lord, to my Sins, which are not few,  
 Thy Pardon don't refuse:  
 12 To such as fear thee, thou wilt shew  
 Such Ways as they shall chuse.  
 13 His Soul in happy Peace shall rest,  
 His Seed with large Possessions blest.

## P A R T II.

- 14 To those whose Hopes on God rely,  
 His Secrets he declares ;  
 15 Because on him I fix my Eye,  
 He frees my Feet from Snares.  
 16 O pity my afflicted State,  
 For I am sad and desolate.  
 17 The Troubles of my Heart grow large,  
 Me from Distress relieve :  
 18 From my Afflictions me discharge,  
 And all my Sins forgive.

19 Think

- 19 Think on my Foes, who are not few,  
And me with cruel Hate pursue.
- 20 Raise up my Soul, deliver me  
From Shame; in Thee I trust:
- 21 Preserving my Integrity,  
And doing what is just.  
O God, my God, I wait on Thee;
- 22 Thy *Israel* from his Troubles free.

## P S A L M XXVI.

- 1 JUDG me, O Lord; and let thy Eye  
Discern my Heart's Integrity:  
I trust in Thee, and cannot slide;
- 3 Thy Truth and Kindness is my Guide.
- 2 Examine both my Reins and Heart,  
Which never from thy Ways depart;
- 4 I with vain Persons never sat,  
And all their vile Assemblys hate.
- 5 With wicked Men I'll not converse,  
Nor with th' Ungodly hold Commerce;
- 6 In Innocence I'll wash my Hand,  
And then before thy Altar stand.
- 7 My Thanks I'll publish with my Voice,  
And in thy wondrous Works rejoice:
- 8 Oh how I love that blessed Place,  
Thy Honour's Residence does grace!

D.

9 When

- 9 When dead, my Portion, Lord, remove  
From those, who Sin and Bloodshed love ;  
10 Who with one hand have spoil'd and kill'd,  
And with false Bribes the other fill'd.  
  
11 And, Lord, when thou hast ransom'd me  
With Mercy, I will walk with Thee  
12 In righteous Paths, and thy Great Name  
With Honour in our Tribes proclaim.

## P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 **M**Y Life's Salvation, Strength and Light,  
Is God ; what then can me afright?  
All vain and idle Fears farewell !  
2 When my proud Enemys had Pow'r,  
And fell upon me to devour  
And eat my Flesh, they stumbling fell.  
  
3 Against me, tho an Host incamp,  
Yet shall no Fear my Spirits damp ;  
This makes me confident and bold,  
4 That I have Grace obtain'd of God ;  
In's House to have my blest Abode,  
Where I his Glory shall behold.

I in his Temple will inquire ;  
Thither, when troubled, I'll retire.

- 5 Me in's Pavilion he will hide,  
And in his Tabernacle lock ;  
Lifting me high upon a Rock,  
6 Where I shall all my Foes deride.

Then

- Then I my Sacrifice will bring,  
And the Almighty's Praises sing  
With Joy in his most Holy Place.
- 7 Give ear to my afflicted Cry,  
With Pity to my Voice reply.
- 8 When Thou dost bid me seek thy Face,  
I'll seek thy Face, my Heart reply'd,
- 9 If it from me thou dost not hide ;  
Nor cease to help me in thy Wrath.
- 10 When me my Parents did forsake,  
Into thy Care Thou didst me take :
- 11 Lord, therefore lead me in thy Path,
- 12 Defend me from my Enemys;  
False Witnesses against me rise,  
And such as breathe out Cruelty.
- 13 My Heart had sunk, but that my Sight  
Hopes to behold thy living Light,
- 14 On which our Strength and Trust rely,

## P S A L M   XXVIII.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my Rock, see how I weep ;  
If Thou regardless Silence keep,  
I in the Shades of Death shall sleep !
- 2 The Voice of my Afflictions hear,  
When with devout and humble Fear  
I at thy Oracle appear.

- 3 Let me not, Lord, my Portion share  
   With those whose Works deceitful are,  
   Who speak of Peace, but plot of War.
- 4 Do not thy just Revenge suspend ;  
   On them the same Destruction send,  
   Which they for others did intend.
- 5 Since they the Wonders Thou hast wrought,  
   And thy great Works have set at nought,  
   Let them be to Confusion brought.
- 6 God to my Pray'rs his Ear did lend,
- 7 His mighty Shield did me defend,  
   My Pray'rs and Praise shall him attend.
- 8 To thy belov'd Inheritance  
   Thou giv'st a safe Deliverance,
- 9 And their Salvation shalt advance.

## P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 Y E Mighty, Strength and Glory raise  
   To our Great God ; and give the Praise
- 2 Due to his Name : your Verse address  
   To him in beauteous Holiness.
- 3 His mighty Voice the Ocean hears,  
   The swelling Waves his Thunder tears :
- 4 With Majesty and Pow'r he speaks,
- 5 And Lebanon's tall Cedars breaks.

- 6 As a young Unicorn does prance,  
So *Lebanon* and *Sirion* dance.  
 7 His Voice, dividing fiery Flakes,  
 8 The Wilderness of *Kadesh* shakes.  
  
 9 The Hinds bring forth their Young for fear,  
His Voice does antient Forests tear :  
His high Renown, by every Tongue,  
In his most sacred Choir is sung.  
  
 10 The raging Sea to Him submits,  
On Seas th' Eternal Monarch sits.  
 11 God will his Peoples Strength increase,  
And bless with everlasting Peace.

## P S A L M XXX.

- 1 O Lord, thy Name I'll magnify ;  
My Head Thou hast exalted high,  
And hast deprest my Enemy.  
 2 God to my Crys free Audience gave ;  
 3 He heal'd me, and from Death did save  
My Life, deliver'd from the Grave.  
  
 4 Ye Saints, in Songs his Praise express ;  
And with your mindful Hearts confess  
His everlasting Holiness.  
 5 His Wrath does but a moment burn ;  
Life is his Gift : to those who mourn  
By Night, Joy shall with Day return.

- 6 When with thy Favours I was grac'd,  
I then believ'd my Station fast,  
7 As if upon a Mountain plac'd.  
    But when thy Face was turn'd aside,  
    Again my Troubles multiply'd,  
8 And then to Thee, my God, I cry'd.  
  
9 If in the Pit I fall, what Good,  
What Profit is there in my Blood ?  
I' th' dark thy Light's not understood.  
10 Thy Mercy to my Aid advance,  
    And perfect my Deliverance ;  
11 O make my languid Spirits dance !  
  
Quitting my Sackcloth, forth I came,  
12 In Purple clad : thy mighty Name  
My Thanks for ever shall proclaim.
- P S A L M XXXI.
- 1 **I**N Thee, my God, I put my trust :  
    Deliver me, for Thou art just ;  
        No Shame my Face shall hide.  
2 Thou art my Shield, my Rock, my Tow'r :  
3 Lead me with thy attractive Pow'r,  
    And make thy Name my Guide.  
  
4 Let me not fall into their Net  
    Which secretly for me is set !  
        May thy Strength succour me !

5 I to thy Hands my Soul commit,  
For Thou from Death has ransom'd it,  
And Truth belongs to Thee.

6 Therefore I've hated those who ly'd ;  
And in the Truth, my God, confide :

7 Thy Mercys make me glad.  
Thou me in my Distress didst know,  
And didst consider all my Woe,  
When I was lost and sad.

8 Thou from my Foes didst me discharge,  
And set my fetter'd Feet at large :

9 Let me thy Mercy taft !  
My Eyes consuin'd with Tears and Grief,  
My Heart and Soul without Relief,  
10 My Sins my Strength did waft.

Diseases had consum'd my Bones,  
My Years I spent in Sighs and Groans,  
11 My Foe did shake his Head :  
My Friends amaz'd on me did look,  
All my Acquaintance me forsook,  
And those who saw me fled.

## P A R T II.

12 As some dead thing I was forgot,  
And cast out like a broken Pot :

13 With Scorn and Scandals mixt,

Against me they in Counsel sit,  
Resolv'd to take my Life ; and yet  
14 On God my Trust is fixt.

15 My Times, O Lord, are in thy Hand,  
And thou their Force canst countermand,  
Who make my Soul their Aim.

16 Display, O Lord, thy glorious Face,  
And let thy Mercy me embrace,

17 Or I shall fall with Shame.

But cast that Shame on them, from me,  
And let the Grave their Portion be :

18 Let Lyars lie in Dust,  
Who with malicious Scorn and Pride  
The Righteous spitefully deride ;  
For Thou, O Lord, art just.

19 Treasures of Goodness Thou dost store  
For such as thy great Name adore.

The Sons of Men shall see,

20 In thy own Presence Thou dost hide,  
Those whom Thou lov'st, from Hate and Pride,  
And Strife of Tongues set free.

21 In a strong Place I have survey'd  
God's Mercy, tho I rashly said,

22 I am cut off from Thee :

Yet when I cry, he gladly hears  
The Voice of my repenting Tears,  
And freely pardons me.

- 23 The Lord will all his Saints regard,  
And with Disdain the Proud reward :  
24 Then strong and valiant be.

## P S A L M   XXXII.

- 1 H E's blest, who tho he did transgres,  
God does his Sins forget ;  
2 To him imputes no Wickedness,  
Nor to his Heart Deceit.  
3 While silent, all my Bones grew old,  
And then I roaring lay ;  
4 On all my moisture Drought took hold,  
Afflicted Night and Day.  
5 Then all my Failings I confess'd,  
My secret Sins reyeal'd,  
Acknowledging I had transgres ;  
And God my Pardon seal'd.  
6 For this shall all the Righteous seek  
Thee, where Thou mayst be found :  
Nor shall the swelling Waters break  
Their Bounds, nor Them surround.  
7 Thou art, O Lord, my hiding Place,  
From Woes hast rescu'd me :  
With Songs of thy preserving Grace  
I shall encompass be.  
8 " To Thee shall my Instructions show  
" The Paths of Piety :  
" And in the way where Thou shalt go,  
" I'll guide Thee with my Eye.

- 9 O be not like the Horse or Mule,  
    Of Understanding weak :  
    Bridle and Bit their Mouth must rule ;  
    Or loos'd, on Thee they'l break.  
10 Sorrows the Wicked shall confound ;  
    But who on God confide,  
    With Joy and Mercy compast round,  
11 Shall shout on ev'ry side.

## P S A L M XXXIII.

- 1 Y E Righteous, in the Lord delight,  
    For Praise becomes th' Upright.  
2 Let Harps and Psalt'rys with their Strings  
    Salute the King of Kings :  
3 Let him such Songs and Musick hear,  
    As make your Skill appear.  
4 He on what's just his Word does found,  
    His Works with Truth are crown'd.  
  
5 Most just and righteous is his Will,  
    The Earth his Blessings fill.  
6 His Breath the Hosts of Heaven has made,  
    His Word the Fabrick laid.  
7 He, rolling in an heap, the Deepes,  
    As in a Store-house keeps.  
8 Then let all Nations stand in awe,  
    And Earth obey his Law :  
  
9 For by his Voice the Globe was cast,  
    And by his Word stands fast.

- 10 The Heathen's Counsels are made void,  
And their Designs destroy'd ;  
11 But his Resolves unalter'd stand  
To ev'ry Age and Land.  
12 They're blest, who Trust in Him repose,  
These God Himself has chose.  
  
13 The Lord from Heav'n beheld the Earth,  
14 And Man, who thence had Birth ;  
15 Their Hearts He by one Model made,  
And all their Thoughts survey'd.  
16 No King is sav'd by his own Host,  
The Sons of Strength are lost :  
17 In vain we trust the Speed or Force  
Of the fierce Warlike Horse.  
  
18 God's equal Eye on them is fixt,  
Whose Hopes with Fears are mixt ;  
19 He will their Souls from Death preserve,  
In Dearth they shall not starve.  
20 Waiting on God, we are upheld,  
For He's our Help and Shield.  
21 Their Hearts, who trust his Holy Name,  
Shall their loud Joys proclaim.  
22 According to our Hope in Thee,  
May we thy Mercy see.

## P S A L M XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HE Lord I will for ever bleſſ,  
2 My Tongue his Praifes shall express,  
My Soul his Glory boasts.

3 The

- 1 The Humble, who shall this descry,  
 3 His Name with me shall magnify,  
     And praise the Lord of Hosts.
- 4 I found the Lord, this stop'd my Fears ;  
     To them who seek him Light appears,  
         Nor Shame their Eyes dejects.
- 5 Succour Divine th' Afflicted craves,
- 6 Which him from his Affliction saves :
- 7 God's Angel him protects.
- 8 His Blessings we shall see and tast,  
     When on our God our Trust is plac'd :
- 9 Ye Saints obey his Will.  
     Then fear no want, tho Lions roar
- 10 For Hunger ; those who God implore,  
     His lib'ral Hand shall fill.
- 11 Come, Children, with Attention hear,  
     I will instruct you in his Fear.
- 12 What Man delights in Life ?  
     Seeks to live happily and long ?
- 13 From Evil let him guard his Tongue,  
     His Lips from Fraud and Strife.
- 14 Grow up in what is Good : and cease  
     From what is Ill, inquire for Peace.
- 15 God's Eyes are on the Just,  
     Their Cries his open Ear attends :
- 16 But on th' Unjust his Wrath descends,  
     Their Name's reduc'd to Dust.

- 17 The Righteous, when they cry, he hears,  
Delivers them from all their Fears,  
And from Distress relieves.  
A broken Heart to him is dear,  
18 To contrite Spirits he is near,  
And his Salvation gives.

- 19 Tho with Afflictions wounded deep,  
20 Their Bones from breaking He will keep ;  
Death on his Foes shall wait.  
21 But He his Servants Souls redeems ;  
22 Those whom for Faithful He esteems,  
Shall ne'er be desolate.

## P S A L M XXXV.

- 1 L O R D , plead my Cause against my Foes ;  
With such as fight against me fight.  
2 Arise, thy ample Shield oppose,  
And with thy Sword avenge my Right.  
3 Draw forth thy Spear ; those in their way  
Encounter, who my Soul invade.  
To Her, Oh let thy Spirit say,  
I am thy God, and saving Aid.  
4 Let those who my Disgrace contrive,  
Hang down their Heads, for Flight design'd.  
5 Who seek my Fall, let Angels drive  
Like Chaff before the blustering Wind.

- 6 Obscure and slipp'ry be their Path,  
Angels their flying Troops defeat:
- 7 Since they for me with causeless Wrath  
Have dig'd a Pit, and Toiles have set.
- 8 Let sudden Ruin them destroy,  
Caught in the Nets themselves have laid:
- 9 Then in the Lord my Soul shall joy,  
And glory in his timely Aid.
- 10 My Bones shall say, Lord, who's like Thee,  
That arm'd the Weak against the Strong?  
Who dost the Poor and Needy free  
From Outrage, Fraud, and pow'rful Wrong.

## P A R T II.

- 11 False Witnesses against me stood,  
Who groundless Accusations brought:
- 12 Evil they did return for Good,  
And ev'n my Soul's Confusion sought.
- 13 I in their Sicknes did condole,  
With Tears unfeign'd, in Sackcloth mourn'd;  
With fasting mortify'd my Soul,  
And often to my Pray'r's return'd.
- 14 I paid my Visits Night and Day,  
As if we nearly were ally'd:  
Mourning upon the Ground I lay,  
And wept as when my Mother dy'd.

15 Yet

15 Yet they rejoic'd at all my Woe,  
 In Companys assembled stood,  
 (Base Abjects, whom I did not know !)  
 To tear me, and to shed my Blood.

16 Like Hypocrites at Feasts they jeer,  
 Their gnashing Teeth their Hate express.

17 O Lord, how long wilt Thou forbear?  
 When wilt Thou look on my Distress?

Save me from those who smite and kill,  
 Thy Darling snatch from Lions Jaws:

18 I in the Great Assembly will  
 Resound thy Name with loud Applause.

### P A R T III.

19 Let not my causeleſs Enemys  
 Rejoice in my afflicted State,  
 Nor wink at me with scornful Eyes,  
 And swell with undeserved Hate.

20 Of Peace they speak not, rather they  
 The Peaceable with Fraud pursue;

21 Open their Mouths with Scorn, and say,  
 Aha ! our Eyes his Ruin view.

22 This seen, O stand not longer mute,  
 Nor Lord desert my Innocence:

23 Awake, arise, and prosecute

24 My Cause, and judg in my Defence ;

- 25 Lest they shou'd in their Triumphs say,  
They their own Heart's Desire possess :  
And in their Mirth exult; that they  
Have me devour'd in my Distress.
- 26 Wrath and Confusion fall on those,  
Who in my sad Affliction joy :  
And all who glory in my Woes,  
May Shame and Infamy destroy !
- 27 Let those eternally rejoice,  
Who favour and assist my Right ;  
For ever with exalted Voice,  
The Goodness of our God recite !
- And say, O magnify his Name,  
Who glories in his Servant's Peace !
- 28 My Tongue his Justice shall proclaim,  
Nor ever from his Praises cease.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **W**HEN I the bold Transgressor see,  
Then my own Heart thus whispers me ;  
He never fear'd the Lord,
- 2 He sooths himself in his own Eyes,  
Till his secure Impieties  
Are by Mankind abhor'd.
- 3 Their Words are vain and full of Guile,  
They Wisdom from their Hearts exile,  
Wisdom and Good refuse.

They

- 4 They Mischief on their Beds contrive,  
Thro by-ways to bad Ends arrive,  
And what is yile they chuse.
- 5 Thy Mercy, Lord, is seated high,  
Thy Faithfulness above the Sky :
- 6 Thy Righteousness extends  
Above our Sight, like Mountains steep ;  
Thy Judgment's an unfathom'd Deep,  
Which Man and Beast defends.
- 7 O Lord, how precious is thy Grace !  
The Sons of Men their Comfort place  
Under thy shady Wings ;
- 8 They with thy Household Daintys shall  
Be fully satisfy'd, and all  
Drink of thy pleasant Springs.
- 9 From Thee the Living Fountain flows,  
Which endless Life on Thine bestows,  
To whom thy Beams give Light.
- 10 On such as know Thee pour thy Grace ;  
With loving Kindnes those embrace,  
Who are in Heart upright.
- 11 Let not the Foot of Pride defeat ;  
Nor let the Hand, in Mischief great,  
Remove me from thy Eyes !
- 12 The Workers of Iniquity  
Cast down, in Desolation lie,  
And never more shall rise.

## P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **W**H Y shou'd the Wicked's Joy perplex ?  
Or Thee his prosp'r'ous Greatness vex ?
- 2 He like the wither'd Herb shall pass,  
And be cut down like Summer-Grafs.
- 3 Trust in the Lord, obferve his Will ;  
This Crop shall Thee with Plenty fill :
- 4 And if thy Soul in him delight,  
He'll satisfy her Appetite.
- 5 To Him thy Purposes present,  
Who gives 'em the desir'd Event.
- 6 Thy Righteousness shall shine like Day,  
Thy Judgment like the Morning Ray.
- 7 With Patience wait on God ; nor fret  
Thy self, that Vice grows rich and great.
- 8 From sudden Passions stand exempt,  
For they to evil Actions tempt.
- 9 The Wicked does so quickly pass,  
10 We neither see the Time, nor Place.
- 11 His Place the Righteous shall possess,  
And there enjoy abundant Peace.
- 12 The Wicked with the Righteous clash,  
And their sharp Teeth against them gnash :
- 13 But God does at their Follys scoff,  
When his quick Vengeance takes them off.

- 14 Their Swords are drawn, their Bows are bent ;  
All Art's to slay the Innocent.
- 15 Their Bows shall break, their Hearts shall feel  
The Stroke of their own piercing Steel.
- 16 A little with the Just goes well,  
And shall the Wicked's Wealth excel.

## P A R T II.

- 17 God's Strength, the strong ones Arms shall break,  
And his right Hand support the Weak.
- 18 The Lord well knows the Upright's Days,  
His Heritage for ever stays.
- 19 They in ill times no Danger dread,  
In Famine they shall want no Bread.  
As Flames the Fat of Rams consume,
- 20 The Wicked vanish into Fume.
- 21 The Wicked borrows, and deceives ;  
The Merciful both lends, and gives.
- 22 Th' Earth by the Just shall be enjoy'd,  
While thence the Wicked are destroy'd.
- 23 The just Man's Ways are straight and right,  
And in his Paths God takes delight.
- 24 When good Men fall, they rise again ;  
For God's strong Hand does them sustain.
- 25 I have been young, and now am old,  
Yet never did the Just behold,

No, nor his Race with Want opprest ;  
 26 His Seed is by his Bounty blest.

27 Fly from what's Ill, what's Good approve ;

28 Then rest, for God does Justice love.

29 The righteous Man for ever lives,

The Wicked's Spoils God to him gives.

30 Wisdom the righteous Tongue imparts,

31 Because God's Law has fill'd their Hearts.

They shall not slide or lose their way,

32 While them the Wicked seek to slay.

33 God will redeem them from their Hand ;

Nor they, when judg'd, condemn'd shall stand.

34 On God wait in his Way, and He

Will let thee their Destruction see.

35 The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,

Spread like a Laurel fresh and green :

36 He past away, and came to nought ;

Nor could I find his Place, tho fought.

37 The perfect Man I did attend,

Truth was his Way, and Peace his End :

38 But the Ungodly's overthrown,

In Root and Branch at once cut down.

39 God gives in time of trouble Strength,

Safety to Holy Men at length :

40 From wicked Men he saves the Just,

Because in Him they put their Trust.

## P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, not in Wrath against me rise,  
Nor in thy Fury me chastize!
- 2 Thy wounding Hand has me opprest,  
Thy Arrows all my Bones have cleft,
- 3 No Soundness in my Flesh is left:  
My guilty Soul can take no Rest.
- 4 Above my Head my Crimes ascend,  
Under their pond'rous Weight I bend,
- 5 A putrid Stench corrupts my Wound:
- 6 Me my own Folly has diseas'd;  
A loathsom Sore my Loins has seiz'd,
- 7 Not any Part remaining sound.
- 8 My Strength is lost, my Spirit's weak,  
My Heart with raging Pains does break;
- 9 Thou all my Sighs and Groans dost hear.
- 10 My setting Eyes have lost their Light,  
My Sores my near Relations fright:
- 11 And all my Friends stand off for fear.
- 12 Then my Destroyers spread their Net,  
For Calumny and Mischief set,  
All means they try my Days to end.
- 13, 14 But I as unconcern'd appear,  
As one who cou'd not speak, nor hear:
- 15 On Thee alone my Hopes depend.

- 16 Hear me, O Lord ; for if I slide,  
My Fall will but increase their Pride :  
17, 18 My Sin and Griefs before Thee lay,  
19 See how my Foes continue strong,  
Striving to multiply my Wrong ;  
20 And Ill for my Good-will repay.

They are declar'd my Enemys,  
Only because what's Good I prize.

- 21 Lord, me not utterly forsake !  
O stand not from me now too far !  
22 But speedy Help for me prepare,  
And Praise for thy Salvation take.

## P S A L M   XXXIX.

- 1 **I** To my Ways will take good heed,  
For fear my slipp'ry Tongue  
Shou'd a strong Bit and Bridle need,  
Whilst me the Wicked wrong.  
2 Thus I constrain'd in silence stood,  
Afraid of speaking Ill :  
That I forbore ev'n speaking good,  
3 Till Fire my Heart did fill.

- Then Lord (said I) I beg of Thee,  
4 My latter End to know ;  
The Number of my Days to me,  
And all my Frailty show.  
5 Our longest Age is but a Span,  
Which nothing is to Thee ;

And

*P S A L M* XXXIX.

55

And in his best Estate, poor Man  
Is empty Vanity,

- 6 He walks in a fantastick Show,  
His Busineſs all is vain :  
He heaps up Wealth, yet does not know  
What Hand those Heaps shall gain.  
7 Now let me know the final Scope,  
At which poor Mortals aim :  
8 From my great Sins, 'tis all my Hope,  
That Thou wilt me reclaim.

- Yet why shou'd I, a Mark expos'd  
To Fools Derision stand ?  
9 Not by my own (my Mouth was clos'd)  
But thy immortal Hand.  
10 O Lord, from me thy Strokes remove,  
Lest I by them shou'd die.  
11 When thy Rebukes our Sins reprove,  
Man turns to Vanity,  
12 Now, Lord, thy Audience don't defer,  
But a poor Pilgrim hear ;  
I am a wandring Sojourner,  
As all my Fathers were.  
13 Attend but a short space, till I  
May gather Strength, before,  
Like a thin Shadow, hence I fly,  
And then appear no more.

## P S A L M XL:

- 1 **W**ITH Patience waited I on God,  
My Pray'r did his Acceptance meet;
- 2 He rais'd me from my dark abode,  
And on a Rock has fixt my Feet.
- 3 With Songs and Praise he tun'd my Voice:  
Many shall see, and call them blest,
- 4 Who in his saving Health rejoice,  
Who Pride and Iying Lips detest.
- 5 Lord, who thy Works has understood?  
Who all thy Wonders can expres?  
Thy Ways and Ends to do us Good,  
By our Accounts are numberless.
- 6 Thou dost not Sacrifice desire,  
For so Thou hast inform'd my Ear;  
Nor Sin-Oblations burnt with Fire,
- 7 But I before Thee must appear:  
For as thy sacred Rolls record,
- 8 To do thy Will is my Delight:  
The great Assembly knows, the Lord  
Upon my Heart his Law did write.
- 9 Thy saving Help my Lips reveal'd,  
Which all the Congregation saw:
- 10 Nor was thy Righteousnes conceal'd;
- 11 Therefore thy Mercys don't withdraw.

- 12 So many Ills have me assai'd,  
More than my Hairs their Numbers seem,  
For which my fainting Heart has fail'd ;  
13 Haste to my Help, my Soul redeem.
- 14 May they who for my Soul laid wait,  
Their Faces in Confusion hide !  
15 Let them with Shame be desolate,  
Who me with Scorn and Scoffs deride.
- 16 Then such as thy Salvation love,  
With Joy shall thy great Name adore.  
17 Lord, don't thy saving Aid remove  
From me, for I am weak and poor.

## P S A L M   X L I .

- 1 **H**E's blest, nor shall in Danger fall,  
Who does the Poor regard ;  
2 By God preserv'd, on Earth he shall  
Receive a large Reward.  
His Enemys shall ne'er prevail,  
3 Nor shall he Sickness dread :  
If by Disease his Vigor fail,  
The Lord will make his Bed.
- 4 My Soul with Mercy, Lord, reclaim,  
For I've offended Thee :  
5 My Foe desires, my Days and Name  
May both extinguish'd be.

6 His

6 His Tongue, when he but sees me, swells  
 With vain and windy Talk :  
 The Mischief he conceives, he tells  
 As he the Streets does walk.

7 With whisp'ring Tales themselves they please,  
 And say, my Bones are sore

8 With such a pestilent Disease,  
 That I shall rise no more.

9 Nay, one who long had eat my Bread,  
 My Friend and Confident ;  
 Tho him I trusted, cloth'd, and fed,  
 His Heel against me bent.

10 But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore,  
 That I may them repay :

11 I know that Thou wilt me restore,  
 Nor give my Foe the Day.

12 Then I before thy Face shall dwell,  
 And on thy Care depend :

13 Blest be the God of *Israel*,  
 Till Time shall have no End.

*Amen.*

*The End of the First Book of Psalms.*

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## The Second Book of PSALMS.

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### PSALM XLII.

**A**S the chas'd Hart pants for the Brook,  
My thirsty Soul does long and look  
For Thee, O Lord, the living God :  
When shall I see thy blest Abode !

- 1 Tears were my Food both Night and Day :  
Where's now thy God, the Wicked say ?  
4 When my sad Thought these things revolves,  
In Grief my melting Soul dissolves.

I to thy House had led the Throng,  
To keep thy Feast with Mirth and Song.  
5 My Soul, why art thou so deprest,  
And troubled, that thou canst not rest ?

- Thy Hope and Trust in God repose,  
And He'll his radiant Face disclose.  
6 On Him with grateful Joy I'll think,  
On Hermon's Top, and Jordan's Brink.

- 7 Seas meeting Seas their Billows roll,  
And Waves of Sorrow drown my Soul.  
8 His saving Kindness, near at hand,  
As he appoints, by Day shall stand:

By Night my Song shall ease my Cares,  
And then I will address my Pray'rs.  
9 I'll say, My God, my Rock, O why  
Am I forgot, and mourning lie?

- 10 Pierc'd with Reproach, as with a Sword,  
The Scorners ask me, where's thy Lord?  
11 Sink not, my Soul, beneath this Load,  
But thy Support expect from God !

## P S A L M XLIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, be both Judg and Advocate  
For me against th' Unjust  
2 And Fraudulent! On Thee I wait,  
And in thy Strength I trust.  
Lord, why hast Thou abandon'd me,  
And fill'd my Heart with Fear  
Of my oppressing Enemy?  
3 O let thy Light appear!

- To me thy Tabernacle show,  
The Mountain of thy Choice:  
4 Then to thy Altar I shall go,  
And raise my cheerful Voice.

Thee

Thee on my well-tun'd Harp I'll praise.

5 My Soul despair no more !

Let Hope thy drooping Courage raise,  
God will thy Health restore.

## P S A L M XLIV.

1 **T**O us our Fathers Fathers told  
Thy Wonders, and thy Works of old ;  
2 Thy Mighty Power the Heathen chas'd,  
And in their Tents thy People plac'd.

Not our own Sword, our Foes did rout,  
But thy just Vengeance cast them out.

3 Thy Hand, not ours, our Triumph wrought,  
And us to their Possessions brought.

He favours us ; our God, our King

4 To Jacob will Deliv'rance bring.

5 Thy Name shall all our Foes confound,  
And make us tread them on the Ground.

6 Yet in my Bow no Trust I have ;  
Nor that my Sword my Life will save.

7 Thou from our Foes didst us defend,  
And broughtst them to a shameful end.

8 For this our Praise on Thee does wait,  
All Day thy Pow'r we'll celebrate.

9 But Thou no longer lead'st our Host,  
And we in Infamy are lost ;

10 From those who hate us turning back,  
Whilst they our Citys spoil and sack.

## P A R T II.

11 Like Sheep for Slaughter we are sold,  
12 And yet for us no Price is told.

13 Our Neighbours with Reproach abound,  
And us with Scorn and Shame surround.

14 Our Misery their Sport they make,  
Their Heads in mere Derision shake.

15 Before me my Confusion lies,  
With Shame I hide my Face and Eyes.

16 From our Avenger and our Foe,  
Loud Blasphemys and Slanders flow.

17 Tho us these Mischiefs overtake,  
Yet we our Cov'nant never brake :

18 Nor did our Hearts revolt from thine,  
Nor from thy Paths our Steps decline :

19 Tho we with Dragons drew our Breath,  
Inviro'n'd with the Shades of Death.

20 Had we forgot thy Name, O Lord ?  
Or Idols in thy stead ador'd ?

21 Can open Facts be hid from Thee,  
Who our most secret Thoughts dost see ?

22 We to our Martyrdom are led,  
Like Sheep for Shambles only fed.

23 Awake,

23 Awake, O Lord ; why dost Thou sleep,  
Why us at such a Distance keep ?

24 Thou from our Griefs thy Face dost turn,  
Whilst in the Dust our Spirits mourn :

25 Our Limbs to Earth, their Mother, cleave ;

26 O let thy Mercys us relieve !

## P S A L M X L V .

1 **M**Y Heart indites a pleasant thing ;  
A matter, which concerns the King,  
To light my ready Pen shall bring.

2 The Sons of Men Thou dost out-shine,  
Thy Lips still flow with Grace Divine,  
And everlasting Bliss is thine.

3 Gird Thou, most Mighty, on thy Thigh  
The Sword of Pow'r and Majesty ;

4 Then, wing'd with Truth and Meekness, fly.  
With Terror thy right Hand shall rise,

5 And thro their Hearts thy Arrow flies,  
Who are declar'd thy Enemys.

6 Thy Throne Eternity shall date,  
Justice shall on thy Scepter wait,

7 Which Virtue loves, and Sin does hate.  
God the chief Place to thee allows,  
From Him the Oil of Gladness flows,  
With which his Hand anoints thy Brows.

- 8 All the sweet Gums the Sun has bred,  
Whose Scent perfumes his Eastern Bed,  
Shall on thy Royal Robes be shed.
- 9 Daughters of Kings thy Handmaids were;  
But when the Queen her self drew near,  
The Mines of *Ophir* seem'd t' appear.
- 10 Daughter, forget thy aged Sire,  
And from thy Native Soil retire;
- 11 The King thy Beauty will admire.  
Hear Him, who is thy Lord and Friend;
- 12 Rich Presents *Tyre* to thee shall send,  
And Kings thy Favour shall attend.
- 13 Tho with pure Gold her Garment shin'd,
- 14 And all her Arts the Needle join'd,  
Her highest Beauty is her Mind.  
The King with Joy will entertain  
The Beauteous Virgins of her Train,
- 15 Who in his Palace shall remain.
- 16 Instead of Fathers thou shalt see  
So great a Race descend from Thee,  
The whole World shall their Portion be;  
Who never shall forget thy Name.
- 17 For ever thy Immortal Fame  
All Generations shall proclaim.

## P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 GOD is our Strength, and Refuge near ;  
In troublous Times we need not fear :
- 2 Tho Earth shou'd shake, and to the Main  
Torn Mountains back return again.
- 3 Tho Sea its Waves so high shou'd rear,  
That Earth might a new Deluge fear :
- 4 Yet a sweet River calmly glides,  
To glad the Place where God abides.
- 5 God in the midst of it does make  
His Mansion, which shall never shake ;  
His Hand the firm Foundations laid,  
Yet did the Heathen it invade.
- 6 But soon their Rage his Vengeance felt,  
His mighty Voice the Earth did melt.
- 7 The God of *Jacob* is our Aid,
- 8 Whose Hosts these Devastations made.
- 9 In order to establish Peace,  
And that the Storms of War may cease ;  
The Spear, the Bow, the Arrows broke,  
And the burnt Chariots turn'd to Smoke.
- 10 Be still ! That I am God alone,  
Among the Heathen shall be known ;  
The Earth shall magnify my Pow'r.
- 11 The Lord of Hosts shall be our Tow'r.

## PSALM XLVII.

- 1 O Clap your Hands with one accord!  
Praise with melodious Notes the Lord!
- 2 With Terror He the World commands.
- 3 He only gives us Victory,  
Under our Feet the Nations lie,  
And *Israel* shall divide their Lands.
- 4 Jacob He loves, and will advance,  
And set out his Inheritance.
- 5 Ascending He in Triumph sits:  
With Trumpets to our King rejoice,
- 6 With Understanding raise your Voice;
- 7 To his Commands the World submits.
- 8 Exalted on his sacred Throne,  
He o'er the Heathen reigns alone:
- 9 And now the Peoples Leaders yield,  
With those of *Abraham's* God to join;  
Whose Glory rais'd on high does shine,  
And guards the World as with a Shield.

## PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 G REAT is our God, and greatly prais'd,  
Where He his sacred Mansion rais'd;
- 2 The Place is *Sion's* beauteous Hill,  
Which with Delight the World does fill.

Ad*s*

Adjoining to its Northern side,  
 The Royal City is descry'd,  
 3 Whose Tow'rs and Bulwarks God did guard;  
 4 When War confed'rate Kings declar'd.

Their guilty Hearts with Fear did quake;  
 5 Trembling they did the Siege forsake ;  
 Like Women seiz'd with sudden Fear,  
 When once they feel their Pangs are near :

6 As when the *Eastern* Wind does roar,  
 And dashes Wrecks on *Tarsus* Shoar.  
 7 In *Salem* when the Lord appear'd,  
 We saw his Face, his Voice we heard :

8 That He his City wou'd protect,  
 We on thy Kindness did reflect.  
 9 When to thy Temple we repair'd,  
 By us thy Glory was declar'd.

To the World's end, at thy right Hand  
 Eternal Righteousnes does stand.  
 10 Let *Judah*'s Daughters tune their Voice,  
 And *Sion* in thy Pow'r rejoice !

11 Walking about the sacred Mount,  
 12 Her Palaces and Tow'rs we'll count.  
 Our Childrens Children this shall see,  
 13 And God till Death our Guide shall be.

## P S A L M XLIX.

- 1 YE Rich and Poor, ye High and Low,  
 2 Attend, whilst I God's Wisdom show ;  
 3 The Meditations of my Heart  
     Sound Understanding shall impart.
- 4 Inspir'd, I'll Parables unfold ;  
 5 My Harp shall tell dark things of old.  
     The Evil Day why shou'd I dread,  
     When Sin upon my Heels will tread ?
- 6 They who their boasted Wealth esteem,  
 7 Cannot their Brother's Life redeem ;  
     Nor to the Grave a Ransom pay :  
 8 Who thither go, there ever stay.
- 9 Both Wise and Fools one Fate attends ;  
 10 Tho neither know to whom descends  
     Their Wealth ; both think their lasting Race  
     Shall still enjoy their Dwelling-place.
- 11 They, to perpetuate dying Fame,  
     To their Possessions give their Name.  
 12 Fond Man in Honour cannot rest,  
     Must die and perish like a Beast.
- 13 Tho their own Folly them betrays,  
     Their Off-spring yet their Actions praise.  
 14 As Sheep t' appease our Hunger bleed,  
     So Death and Hell upon them feed.

The

The Right'ous their Possessions gains,  
Whilst in the Grave their Pride remains.

15 But sav'd by God's redeeming Pow'r,  
Our Souls the Earth shall not devour.

16 Envy not therefore those who Gain  
And Honour seek, and both obtain;

17 When them the hungry Pit receives,  
Then Wealth and Honour take their leaves.

18 Tho their own Wisdom they admir'd,  
And flatt'ring Tongues with them conspir'd;

19 To their Fore-fathers they shall be  
Gather'd, and Light no more shall see.

20 For Man in Honour, not possesst  
Of Understanding, dies a Beast.

## P S A L M L.

1 F R O M the Sun's Rise, to his Descent,  
God's Summons thro the World was sent.

2 In perfect Glory He appear'd  
From *Sion*; shining thence, was fear'd.

3 Before Him flew devouring Flame,  
Around Him roaring Tempests came.

4 Heav'n at his Word to Earth descends,  
His Judgments the whole World attends.

5 He bids his Saints his Seat surround,  
By Sacrifice and Cov'nant bound.

- 6 The Heaven his Righteousness makes known,  
For God himself is Judg alone,
- 7 My People, when I speak, give ear,  
When against you I witness bear:  
I, *Israel*, am thy God, ev'n Thine;  
O that thou always hadst been mine!
- 8 For Sacrifice I do not call,  
9 Nor Goats, nor Bullocks from the Stall:  
10 For mine are all the Beasts that breed  
On Hills, and in the Forest feed;
- 11 The Fowls which o'er the Mountains soar,  
The Cattel which the Deserts store,  
12 Whatever Land or Sea contain:  
Shall I of Hunger then complain?
- 13 Goats Blood for Drink I do not need,  
Nor on the Flesh of Bulls will feed.  
14 To me with your Thank-offerings bow,  
And at my Altars pay your Vow.
- 15 Call in thy Trouble, I will raise  
Thy Soul, and thou my Name shalt praise.  
16 But wicked Wretch! How canst thou dare  
My Name profane, or Law declare?
- 17 With Thee my Statutes bear no weight,  
And my Instructions thou dost hate.  
18 Thou saw'st a Thief, and took'st his part,  
And Sharer with Adulterers art.

- 19 To Evil thou' thy Mouth dost give,  
Thy Tongue serves only to deceive.
- 20 Thou thy own Mother's Son dost wrong,  
With a most false and stand'rous Tongue.
- 21 When this I saw, and silence kept,  
Thou thought'st that I like thee had slept;  
But I will set before thine Eyes,  
In order, thy Impiety.
- 22 All you who God forget, may fear  
You'll fall; because no Help is near.
- 23 The Man whose Heart is still upright,  
With Praise shall see my saving Light,

## P S A L M L I.

- 1 **A** ccording to thy wonted Love,  
O may thy tender Mercy move!  
And from thy Eyes my Sins remove!
- 2 O, may my Show'rs of Tears, like Rain,  
Wash from my Soul this bloody Stain,
- 3 Which still before me does remain!
- 4 I've sin'd against thæ, Lord, alone,  
And in thy Sight this Mischief done:  
Thy Justice I so well have known,  
That I for Blood deserve my doom;
- 5 Into the World, ev'n from the Womb,  
A loathsom Sinner I did come.

- 6 Man's inward Truth is thy Delight,  
   This makes me understand aright.  
   Lord, let my Soul as Snow be white !
- 7 With Hyfop wash, and heal my Wound ;  
   Then shall my broken Bones be found,
- 8 My Heart with Gladness shall abound.
- 9 Keep not my Crimes, Lord, in thy View ;
- 10 For a false Heart create a true,  
   And so my blasted Soul renew.
- 11 Nor from thy Holy Presence drive,  
   Nor of thy Spirit me deprive !
- 12 But with thy Comforts me revive,
- 13 To Sinners I'll Repentance preach,  
   And to thy Ways Conversion teach,
- 14 Lord, me of Murder don't impeach !  
   From Thee, my God, my Help does spring ;  
   Thy Righteousnes shall tune my String,
- 15 And then my Mouth thy Praise shall sing.
- 16 Burnt-Off'rings God does now despise,  
   A Spirit with Contrition tries ;
- 17 A broken Heart's thy Sacrifice.
- 18 Now, Lord, the Tow'rs of *Sion* raise,  
   Repair *Jerusalem*'s Decays :
- 19 Then Thee with Sacrifice of Praise  
   And Righteousness we shall invoke ;  
   Young Bulls which never felt the Yoke,  
   Shall on thy flaming Altar smoke.

## P S A L M LII.

- 1 O F Mischief, tho the Tyrant boast,  
God's lasting Goodnes can't be lost ;
- 2 Their Tongues are like a Razor set,  
Which Malice and Deceit do whet,
- 3 Mischief they more than Virtue prize,  
To faithful Truth preferring Lyes.
- 4 False Tongues in cruel Words delight ;
- 5 But God on them returns their Spite,  
Them from the Land of Light destroys.
- 6 The Righteous, this beholding, joys.
- 7 Lo ! This is he who God defy'd,  
On his own Wealth and Strength rely'd.
- 8 Whilst I shall in God's Temple be  
Fresh, like a fruitful Olive-Tree,
- 9 And there with Joy shall end my Days,  
Singing thy Mercy and thy Praise :
- 10 There on thy Holy Name I'll wait,  
Which Saints for ever celebrate.

## P S A L M LIII.

- 1 T HE Fool has said, and none but he,  
In's Heart, That there's no Deity.  
Corrupt and odious they are grown ;  
What's Good they know not, no not One.

2 God

- 2 God from above Mankind did view,  
If any him e'er sought, or knew:  
3 But ev'ry one had backward slid ;  
No Good they either thought, or did.  
  
4 Have they no Knowledg of my Pow'r,  
That they my Saints like Bread devour ?  
They seek not God ; but lo ! their Fears  
5 Fall on them, when no Cause appears.

Scatter'd abroad their Bones are found,  
Who against thee incamp'd around.

- 6 Lord, might thy saving Health return  
To those, who in Affliction mourn ;  
Then Jacob's Off-spring shall rejoice,  
And Israel raise his chearful Voice !

## PSALM LIV.

- 1 **M**E let thy Name and Strength defend,  
2 O Lord ! and hear those Crys,  
Which from my Lips to Heav'n ascend.  
3 Against me Strangers rise ;  
Oppressors have my Ruin sought,  
Who have not Thee within their Thought.  
  
4 My Soul by Thee supported stood,  
5 Thy Hand my Foes shall slay :  
6 To Thee, O Lord, because 'tis good,  
My Sacrifice I'll pay.

7 For I am freed from all my Woes,  
And I have triumph'd o'er my Foes.

## P S A L M L V.

1 L O R D, hear me; and with tender Care  
2 Consider me, when with my Pray'r  
Anguish and Tears united are.

3 Thy Enemys loud Threats I fear,  
Th' Ungodly in full Bands appear,  
Malice and Violence draw near.

4 My Heart the Sense of Pain does wound,  
Terrors of Death my Life surround,

5 And trembling Horrors me confound.

6 This makes me cry, O that I might  
With Dove-like Wings, convey'd by Flight,  
7 In the vast Wilderness alight !

8 From Tempests there my self I'd hide.

9 Those Tongues, O Lord, false Tongues divide,  
Where Violence and Fraud abide.

10 Where Day with Night in Mischief meet,  
11 Malice and Guile each other greet,  
And Wickedness crouds ev'ry Street;

12 If a Foe's Slander had me torn,  
Or me the Proud had laught to scorn,  
Th' Affront I had escap'd, or born.

13 But Thou, my Friend, hast me betray'd,  
Whom I my Counsellor had made,

14 Who to the same God with me pray'd.

15 But

- 15 But Darkness soon shall seal their Eyes,  
 16 And sudden Death shall them surprize,  
   Whose wicked Plots my Fall devise.  
 17 God shall be Night and Day ador'd  
   By me, and his Defence implor'd,  
 18 Who heard, and Peace to me restor'd.  
  
 19 Tho Troops combin'd against me were,  
   God against them my Crys did hear,  
   Because they had forgot his Fear.  
 20 Peace before God and Men was sworn ;  
   But they their Oaths and Cov'nants scorn,  
 21 And soon to open War return.  
  
 22 Smoother than Butter were their Words,  
   No greater Softness Oil affords,  
   Yet were their Hearts more sharp than Swords.  
 23 Upon the Lord thy Burden cast,  
   He will support and hold Thee fast,  
   Nor shall the Righteous be displac'd.  
  
 24 The Wicked God's just Vengeance slays,  
   Nor shall he number half his Days,  
 25 Whilst I my King for ever praise.

## PSALM LVI.

- 1 **A**GAINST my Foes, O Lord, most High,  
   To Thee for my Defence I fly ;  
 2 They by a strong oppressing Pow'r,  
   With Multitudes wou'd me devour.

3 I, when dismay'd, trust in thy Arm,  
And then from Flesh I fear no harm ;  
4 My Words to a wrong Sense they bend,  
5 And Mischief in their Thoughts intend.

6 Hiding themselves, my Steps they mark,  
And wou'd destroy me in the Dark :  
7 Shall they escape ? O let thy Wrath  
Pursue them in their secret Path !

8 Thou all my wandring Steps hast told,  
My Tears are in thy Book enroll'd :  
9 And when to Thee my God I call,  
My Enemies, or fly, or fall.

10 God's Word I will for ever praise,  
11 And Trophys to his Conquest raise ;  
12 The Vows I made to him I'll pay,  
Nor fear what Man can do or say.

13 He from the Grave my Soul recals ;  
Thou wilt preserve my Feet from Falls,  
In God's strait Path to walk upright,  
When I shall see his saving Light.

## P S A L M L V I I .

**E**X T E N D, O Lord, thy Clemency,  
To him whose Trust in Thee is plac'd :  
Under thy shad'wing Wings I'll ly,  
Till these Calamitys are past.

2 To

- 2 To the most High my Crys ascend ;  
To God, who will my Cause defend.
- 3 From Heav'n he'l rescue me from those,  
Who with Reproach on me wou'd prey :
- 4 Mercy and Truth my Soul inclose  
From Lions, and Men worse than they,
- 5 Whose Teeth are Spears, whose wounding Words  
Are Darts; their Tongues more sharp than  
(Swords.)
- 6 Lord, raise thy self above the Skys !  
Thy Glory 'bove the Earth shall sit :  
Whilst my poor Soul dejected lies,  
For which my Foes have dig'd a Pit.  
While for my Feet a Net's prepar'd,  
Their own are in the same infnar'd.
- 7 And now, O Lord, my Heart is fixt,  
Fixt that it may declare thy Praise :
- 8 Our Harps with Lutes in Confort mixt,  
Our wakeful Voice shall early raise :
- 9 That we to Thee our Thanks may bring,  
And Praise among the Nations sing.
- 10 Our God, whose Mercys are so great,  
That the high Heav'ns with them are stor'd,  
Above the Clouds has plac'd the Seat  
Of his high Truth : Whilst thou, O Lord,
- 11 Dost place thy self above the Skys,  
Thy Glory o'er the World shall rise.

## P S A L M L V I I I .

- 1 Y E Sons of Men, do you pursue  
What's right? and are your Judgments true?
- 2 No: In your Hearts Corruption dwells,  
Your Hands foul Violence have weigh'd:
- 3 The Wicked from the Womb hath stray'd,  
And Lyes ev'n in his Cradle tells.
- 4 Like Serpents they their Poison bear,  
And like deaf Adders stop their Ear;
- 5 Nor them the skilful Charmer awes,  
Because they will not hear the Charm:
- 6 But, Lord, the Lions Jaws disarm,  
And let them melt, as Water thaws!
- 7 May they in vain their Arrows shoot,  
Consume like Snails, like th' unripe Fruit  
Of Women, dead before 'tis born:
- 8 E'er Pots the boiling Heat can draw  
From Fire of Thorns, as Sores kept raw;  
Let them be vexed with Shame and Scorn.
- 9 God with a Whirlwind them destroys:
- 10 The Just shall in their Fall rejoice,  
And dip his Footsteps in their Blood.
- 11 Then all who shall thy Vengeance see,  
Shall own the Judg, that God is He  
Who will reward the Just and Good.

## P S A L M LIX.

- 1 L O R D , save me from my Enemys !  
     Protect me from the Pow'r  
 2 Of Sinners, who against me rise,  
     And wou'd my Soul devour.  
 3 'Tis for my Soul in wait they lie,  
     In Arms the Mighty are ;  
 4 Yet not for my Iniquity  
     Against me they prepare.
- 5 Visit the Heathen ; Lord, to me  
     Thy glorious Aid extend ;  
     Nor Mercy show to those who Thee  
         Maliciously offend.
- 6 The City they by Night surround,  
     Like Dogs they howl and bark ;  
 7 Between their Lips sharp Swords are found,  
     Who us (say they) can mark ?
- 8 But Thou the Heathen shalt deride,  
     Thou art my Strength and Shield ;  
 9 Still on thy Mercy I rely'd,  
     Thy Hand has me upheld.
- 10 Now have I compast my Desire,  
     Tho' I my Foes defeat ;  
 11 They shall not die, but hence retire,  
     Lest we shou'd Thee forget.
- 12 Lord, scatter and disperse them all,  
     Because their Lips have ly'd ;

By

- 1 By their own Curses let them fall,  
And perish in their Pride.
- 13 Let thy consuming Fury tell,  
How far thy Pow'r extends,  
Not only to thy *Israel*,  
But the World's utmost Ends.
- 14 Then let them wander in the dark,  
Around the City cry ;
- 15 As Dogs for Hunger howl and bark,  
Till they of Famine die.
- 16 Before the Day thy mighty Pow'r  
My early Voice shall sing :
- 17 Thou in my Trouble art my Tow'r,  
And dost Redemption bring.

## P S A L M LX.

- 1 WE under thy Displeasure mourn,  
Cast out, disperst ; but, Lord, return.
- 2 The Earth with many Breaches quakes ;  
Heal them, for she for Terror shakes.
- 3 Under thy heavy Hand we sink,  
And bitter Cups of Sorrow drink :
- 4 Yet Thou at last hast sent us Aid,  
Thy Truth her Banner has display'd.
- 5 That thy Beloved safe may stand,  
Heard and deliver'd by thy Hand ;
- 6 God by his Holiness did swear,  
Now shall my Pow'r with Joy appear.

*Succoth and Sichem* with a Line

7 I'll measure, *Gilead* shall be mine :

*Manasseh* also me shall know ;

In *Ephraim* I my Strength will show.

*Judah* my Lawgiver shall be ;

*Philistia*, be thou glad of me.

8 *Moab* the Work of Slaves shall do,

O'er *Edom* I will cast my Shoe.

9 Who guides me to the well-fenc'd Town,

That I may rase her Bulwarks down.

10 Are we abandon'd to our Foe,

Nor wilt thou with our Armys go ?

11 Lord help us, for Man's Help is vain,

12 Thy Arm our Courage must sustain.

### P S A L M L X I.

1 **L**ORD, may thy Ears my Pray'r attend ;

2 O hear my Crys from the World's End !

Place me upon the Rock so high,

That I scarce reach it with my Eye.

3 Against my Enemy thy Pow'r

Has been my Shelter and my Tow'r,

4 My happy Mansion ; there I'll keep,

And cover'd with thy Wings will sleep.

5 God to my Pray'r his Ear inclin'd,

And my Inheritance assign'd.

- 6 My Life and Throne shall be secure,  
And to all Ages shall endure.
- 7 With Truth and Mercy me preserve,  
And I shall Thee for ever serve.
- 8 My solemn Vows to Thee I'll pay,  
And sing thy Praises Night and Day.

## P S A L M LXII.

- 1 **T**RULY on God my Soul depends,  
For his Salvation she attends.
- 2 My Station fixt upon his Love,  
From that firm Rock shall ne'er remove.
- 3 How long will ye imagine Lyes,  
And Mischief in your Hearts devise?  
Down to Destruction you shall fall,  
Like an old Fence, or batter'd Wall.
- 4 Consulting for some false Pretence,  
To undermine his Providence;  
Whilst Blessings from their Lips distil,  
Curses their Hearts and Bowels fill.
- 5 My Soul, to God thy Hopes erect;
- 6 Salvation from that Rock expect:
- 7 Adhere to him with Confidence,
- 8 Who is thy Refuge and Defence.
- 9 The People are mere Vanity,  
And their Superiors but a Lye:

When in an equal Ballance laid,  
By Vanity it self out-weigh'd.

- 10 By Rapine don't thy Wealth increase,  
Nor let Pow'r tempt thee to oppress!  
Nor thee let growing Heaps incline  
To be their Slave, but make them thine.
- 11 Thrice have I heard from God's own Word,  
That Pow'r flows only from the Lord:
- 12 Mercy with Justice Thou hast join'd,  
With both to recompense Mankind.

## P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 EARLY to Thee my Soul her first Oblation brings, for Thee I thirst.
- 2 As the dry Furrow for the Shower,  
So longs my Soul to see thy Power:
- 3 Which in thy Temple once beheld,  
All Pleasures of my Life excel'd.
- 4 My Life, which shall thy Name attend,  
With joyful Praises I shall end.
- 5 And, as with Marrow satisfy'd,  
So are my Lips with Praise o'er-joy'd.
- 6 When silent Night my Thoughts sets free  
From Cares of Day, they wait on Thee.
- 7 Secur'd by Thee with Joy I sing,  
O'er-shadow'd by thy saving Wing.

8 My Soul to her Defender flies,  
From those who fain wou'd her surprize.

9 Thou in Earth's Entrails them shalt lay,  
10 Or to the Foxes make a Prey.  
11 The King is blest, with those who swear  
By thy great Name with awful Fear :  
But they who love false Oaths and Lyes,  
Vengeance shall close their Lips and Eyes.

## P S A L M LXIV.

1 LORD, to my Pray'r incline thy Ears,  
And set me free from Foes and Fears.

2 Hide me from their Conspiracys,  
Who with seditious Plots wou'd rise.

3 Their sharp-edg'd Tongues they whet like  
And shoot like Arrows bitter Words ;  
4 The Just they aim at in the dark,  
With Secrecy to hit the Mark.

(Swords,

5 Close Snares they privately contrive,  
And Courage to each other give ;  
Boasting, what Eye can us detect ?  
6 Well-study'd Mischief they project,

A Watch with Diligence they keep,  
Their Lips lock'd up, their Counsels deep ;  
7 But when the Lord lets fly his Darts,  
He never misses wicked Hearts.

- 8 Then their own Tongues themselves accuse,  
And their own Fear their Flight pursues.
- 9 Our long Experience shall declare  
God's Works, which great and dreadful are.
- 10 The Righteous shall rejoice; the Just  
In Heart, shall in his Mercy trust.

## P S A L M LXV.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is waited on with Praise,  
His Vows in *Sion Isr'el* pays,
- 2 Whilst He to me inclines his Ear.  
To Thee, O Lord, all Flesh draws nigh;
- 3 Nor shall my great Iniquity  
Prevail, because thy Mercy's near.
- 4 Blest is the Man who to his Courts,  
Invited by the Lord, resorts;  
Thy beauteous Dwelling he admires.
- 5 Terrors from Thee, and Wonders flow,  
In Thee their Confidence to show;  
Wide Sea with the Earth's Ends conspires.
- 6 Incompast by thy powerful Hand,  
High Mountains on firm Bases stand.
- 7 The Ocean's Voice by Thee allay'd,  
Thou didst the roaring Storms asswage,  
And the mad People's louder Rage:
- 8 The World thy Tokens have dismay'd.

Th'Out-

Th' Outgoings of the Day and Night,  
Made by thy Pow'r, give Man delight.

- 9 Thou visitest the Earth with Showers.  
God's Streams, with Riches fill'd, adorn  
The Hills with Herbs, the Vales with Corn ;  
Both Man and Beast's supply'd with Stores.

- 10 Thy Drops the Ridges of the Hills,  
Thy Dew the thirsty Furrows fills :  
11 Thus soften'd they receive the Plough.  
Then thou dost bless their plenteous Crop,  
12 And all thy Paths with Fatness drop,  
And ev'n the Deserts fruitful grow.

- The little Hills with Fruit are glad,  
13 The Vallys are with Pastures clad,  
The Folds and Lawns with Flocks abound :  
For Pleasure, Food, and Raiment made ;  
All in their native Pride array'd,  
Make Heav'n with their loud Shouts resound.

## P S A L M LXVI.

- 1 **T**H E Glory of the Lord proclaim,  
Ye Nations all record his Fame,  
2 And pay just Honour to his Name.  
3 Say then, How terrible art thou !  
Thy mighty Hand does overthrow  
Thy Foes, who at thy Footstool bow.

- 4 With Worship shall the Earth declare,  
In Songs, how high, how great, how rare  
5 Tow'rd Man thy wondrous Doings are.  
6 He for his People did divide  
Seas into Hills on either side ;  
Thro these with Joy his Host did guide.
- 7 His Power on Earth stands uncontrol'd,  
His Eyes do all the World behold ;  
Then let not Rebels grow too bold.  
8 The Lord be blest ; and let his Ear  
The Praises of our Voices hear,  
9 Who from the Grave our Lives does rear.
- Our stiddy Feet shall never slide ;  
Like Silver he our Hearts has try'd,  
10 Which by the Fire is purify'd.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Afflicting Snare our Loins embrac'd ;  
12 Thro Fire and Water we have past,  
Yet in a blessed Seat are plac'd.  
13 Gifts on thy Altar shall be laid ;  
Those solemn Vows shall then be paid,  
14 Which we in our Distresses made.
- 15 Rams, Bullocks, Goats I'll sacrifice,  
Sweet Incense with their Smoke shall rise ;  
16 God's Fear shall stand before our Eyes.

17 When

- 17 When with our Prayers we him besought,  
He for our Souls great Wonders wrought :  
18 But if we sin, he hears us not.
- 19 God heard and granted our Request,  
May his great Name be ever blest !  
20 And on us may his Mercy rest !

## P S A L M LXVII.

- 1 **L**ORD, let us see thy Light Divine,  
Where Mercys with thy Bounty join :  
2 Thy saving Wealth to Nations show,  
3 That all the Earth thy Ways may know.

- Then all the People Thee shall praise,  
4 To Thee they shall their Voices raise.  
5 Then shall the Nations sing with Mirth,  
Because thy Justice rules the Earth.
- 6 Then her Increase the Earth shall yield,  
And with thy Bounty we be fill'd ;  
And as thy Blessings to the End  
Of things, so shall thy Fear extend.  
7 Then all the People Thee shall praise,  
And to thy Name their Voices raise.

## P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET God, the Lord of Hosts, arise,  
And scatter all his Enemys,  
2 As Smoke before the Tempest flies.

As

As Wax dissolves before the Fire,

So shall the Wicked Man expire;

3 The Righteous then shall God admire.

O let your Songs be loud and high,

4 *Jehovah's Name* to magnify,

When he upon the Clouds shall fly.

5 A Father to the Fatherless;

The Widow's Tears find free Access

To him who dwells in Holiness.

6 The Captives he relieves from Bands,

Plants the Distrest in fruitful Lands,

And Rebels on the barren Sands.

7 When thou thy People didst precede,

And them thro the wide Desert lead,

8 The Earth and Heav'n both shook for dread.

Mount *Sinai* did for Terror quake,

9 Streams from th' Ætherial Cisterns brake,

Whence *Israel* did Refreshment take.

10 The Hungry He with Plenty stor'd;

The Lord himself gave out the Word,

Which all the Hearers did record.

## PART II.

11 Kings with their Armys fled away,

Whilst Women did divide the Prey,

12 Amongst the Pots tho *Israel* lay.

- 13 He like a Dove exulting springs,  
When Sunbeams gild his Silver Wings,  
14 When for our sake God scatter'd Kings.

- Like Snow that doth on *Salmon* lie,  
God's Mountain is exalted high,  
15 And like proud *Bashan* braves the Sky.  
16 Why do ye leap, ye lesser Hills?  
To this his Promise God fulfils,  
And here his Glorious Grace distils.

- 17 His Chariots twenty thousand strong,  
These God in *Sinai* dwells among  
His Angels, which in Legions throng.  
18 He seated in his Throne of State,  
Captivity does captivate ;  
Ev'n Rebels on his Triumph wait.

### P A R T III.

- 19 Now blessed be the God of Gods,  
Who us with daily Blessings loads ;  
Salvation dwells in his Abodes.  
20 His Pleasure Life and Death attends ;  
21 His hairy Scalp, who him offends,  
Is wounded, and to Death descends.  
22 God said, My People thro the Main  
From *Bashan* I will bring again,  
Then shall their Enemys be slain.

- 23 *Isræl* shall wash his Feet in Blood,  
His Dogs shall lap the Purple Flood :  
24 The Paths of God we understood.

- 25 When we into his Temple past,  
Wherein his sacred Ark was plac'd,  
Loud Instruments the Triumph grac'd.  
They led the Van who loudly sing,  
Next they that touch'd the well-tun'd String ;  
And Virgins did their Cymbals ring.

## P A R T IV.

- 26 When ye have fill'd his blest Abode,  
Those who from *Jacob's* Fountain flow'd,  
Shall worship the Almighty God.  
27 Thither young *Benjamin* is gone,  
With *Napthali* and *Zebulon*,  
Where *Judah* sits upon the Throne.  
28 There God shall his own Tribes command ;  
Their Princes all before him stand,  
To subdivide the promis'd Land.  
29 At *Salem* foreign Kings shall meet,  
With their rich Presents Thee shall greet,  
And lay their Scepters at thy Feet.

## P A R T V.

- 30 Thy Hand the Spearmen shall defeat,  
The Bulls that roar, and Calves that bleat,  
Till they with Gifts for Pardon treat.

- 31 Destroy them who in Battel stand,  
Till the black *Ethiops* Sunburnt Land,  
And *Egypt* stretch their Captive Hand.
- 32 Ye Princes who on Earth abide,  
Let God by you be magnify'd,
- 33 Who on the Heav'n of Heav'ns does ride.
- 34 From thence his Thunder's Voice he sends,  
To the Earth's Bounds his Pow'r extends,  
On his alone your Strength depends.
- 35 Terrors about his Mansion flame ;  
Then ready Help to *Israel* came,  
Who therefore praise his Glorious Name.

## P S A L M L X I X .

- 1 L ORD, save me from the raging Flood,  
2 My Soul sticks fast in loathsom Mud :  
Whilst I to thee lament and cry,  
3 My Eyes are dim, my Throat is dry.
- 4 To that great Number which pursue  
Me without Cause, my Hairs are few :  
Tho what I took not, I restore,  
Yet wrongfully they call for more.
- 5 Thou, Lord, my Weaknesses dost see,  
Nor are my Follys hid from thee :  
6 Yet let not those that fear thy Name,  
For my Offences suffer shame.

7 I for thy sake have born Disgrace,  
Shame cover'd my dejected Face :

8 I a mere Stranger to my Home,  
And to my Brethren am become.

9 The foul Aspersions fall on me  
Of those who cast Reproach on thee :

10 Zeal for thy House has eat me up ;  
Fasting, with Tears I fill my Cup.

11 I for my Vest have Sackcloth worn,  
Was mock'd and made a common Scorn :

12 The People to revile me throng,  
And I became the Drunkard's Song.

### P A R T II.

13 Lord, when to thee my Pray'r's ascend,  
To me thy gracious Audience lend :  
Let thy great Mercy me revive,  
And to my Soul Salvation give.

14 Me from the swelling Billows save,  
Nor let the Mud become my Grave :

15 Whilst me the Torrent overflows,  
The Pit her Mouth will on me close.

16 Relieve me with thy wonted Grace,  
Nor from my Troubles hide thy Face :

17 Lord, to my Soul with speed draw near,  
18 That her Redemption may appear.

- 19 My Shame and my Reproach thou know'st,  
Of which my Foes before thee boast ;  
20 And when my breaking Heart did look  
For Pity, me my Friends forsook.
- 21 They gave me Gall instead of Meat,  
And Vinegar to quench my Heat :  
22 Let their own Table be their Snare,  
To surfeit with delicious Fare.
- 23 Their Eyes let Darkness overshad,  
And horrid Pains their Loins invade :  
24 On them thy Indignation pour,  
And in thy Fury them devour.  
25 Destroy their Dwellings, and let none  
Survive, who may their Loss bemoan.
- P A R T III.
- 26 When me for Sin God's Justice smites,  
Their Anger then with his unites.  
27 May to themselves their Sins come home !  
Nor to thy Presence let them come !
- 28 Them from among the Righteous blot,  
And from the Living let them rot :  
29 But me, tho sad and needy, raise  
30 From Death, that I thy Name may praise.
- 31 This Gift thy Altar more adorns,  
Than Bullocks with their Hoofs and Horns :  
32 This

- 32 This Spectacle to humble Hearts,  
Delight and heavenly Joy imparts.
- 33 God hears the Needy when he crys,  
Nor does the Captives Pray'rs despise.
- 34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, with one accord,  
Worship and praise th' Almighty Lord.
- 35 *Jerusalem* he will rebuild,  
Which with new Dwellers shall be fill'd:
- 36 And *Jacob's Seed*, who love and fear  
His Name, shall live for ever there.

## P S A L M LXX.

- 1 **L**ORD, do not thy Assistance slack !
- 2 Let them with Shame expire,
- 3 Who seek my Soul ; and turn them back,  
Who for my Blood conspire.  
Let them who made me for their Scorn,  
Receive from thee the same return.
- 4 With Joy and Gladness them repay,  
Who 'n search of thee abide ;  
Let those that love Salvation say,  
God's Name be magnify'd.
- 5 Thy Succour my Distressles need ;  
Lord, my Redemption send with speed.

## P S A L M LXXI.

- 1 IN Thee, O Lord, I fix my Trust,  
Then let me not be laid in Dust :
- 2 Incline thy gentle Ear to me,  
And let thy Justice set me free.
- 3 Be thou my Throne, my Rock, my Fort,  
To which I safely may resort ;
- 4 Then shall my Soul in Safety stand  
From the unjust and bloody Hand.
- 5 Thou art my Hope ; my early Youth  
From Infancy admir'd thy Truth :
- 6 God in the Womb of me took charge,  
And from that Prison did enlarge.
- 7 Thou art my Refuge: while Men gaze  
8 On me, thy Name my Lips shall praise!
- 9 Lord, therefore cast me not away,  
When Age my Spirits shall decay.
- 10 See, against me my Foes combine,  
And in their secret Counsels join :
- 11 Let us destroy him now, they said ;  
In vain from God he seeks his Aid.
- 12 Lord, from my Succour be not far !  
Those who against my Soul make war,

13 Confound ; and such as seek my End,  
Let Scorn and Infamy attend !

14 My Praise shall with my Hopes increase,  
15 My Mouth shall shew thy Righteousness ;  
Thy Wonders to the World I'll teach,  
Tho I their Numbers cannot reach.

16 To others, strengthen'd by the Lord,  
His Righteousness I will record.

17 Thy wondrous Works my Youth did know,  
Which to the World my Age does show.

18 Now I am old, forsake me not,  
Lest thy great Works shou'd be forgot ;  
Which, if I future things discern,  
Ages unborn from ours shall learn.

19 How clear thy Righteousness does shine !  
What Power, my God, can equal thine ?

20 My Griefs were many, great and sore ;  
Yet me to Health thou didst restore.

21 My Life is from the Grave releas'd,  
My Strength and Joy are both increas'd :  
22 For this last Wonder on me shown,  
My Thanks shall make the former known.

23 My Soul redeem'd has taught my Tongue  
To sing an everlasting Song :  
For thou my Foes hast overthrown,  
And for thy Chosen me dost own.

## P S A L M LXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD, let the King thy Judgments share;  
And to his Son thy Wisdom give;
- 2 That under his judicious Care,  
The People happily may live :
- 3 Then from the Mountains Peace shall flow,  
And Plenty from the Hills below.
- 4 The Low don't his Protection want,  
With Judgment he the Poor secures :
- 5 God their Oppressors shall supplant ;  
Thy Fear as Sun and Moon endures.
- 6 He as the Dew on Grass distils,  
As Rain the Earth with Riches fills.
- 7 The Righteous shall abound in Peace,  
Until the Moon her Motion ends ;
- 8 His large Dominions shall increase,  
As far as Sea or Land extends :
- 9 In him the Wilderness shall trust,  
And all his Foes shall lick the Dust.
- 10 Sheba and Seba, with the King  
Of th' Islands and Arabian Shore ;
- 11 All Princes shall their Presents bring,  
And the whole World this Prince adore :
- 12 To the Distrest his Aid appears ;  
And when the Wretched cry, he hears.

- 13 The Needy he not only loves,  
    But shews to them his saving Light ;  
14 From Fraud and Force he them removes,  
    Their Blood is precious in his Sight.  
15 To him who shall for ever live,  
    Their Gold shall the *Sabeans* give.

- He first our fervent Prayers shall hear,  
    And then our everlasting Praise ;  
16 The Mountains Corn and Trees shall bear,  
    Such as proud *Libanus* does raise :  
And his lov'd City he shall bless  
    With ever-flourishing Increase.
- 17 His blessed Name shall Time outlive,  
    His Glory shall outshine the Sun ;  
18 Then *Israel* Praise to him shall give,  
    For all the Wonders he has done :  
19 And all Mankind his Fame rehearse,  
    Whose Glory fills the Universe.

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The End of the Second Book of Psalms.

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# The Third Book of Psalms.

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## PSALM LXXIII.

- 1      **T**O *Israel*, sure, our God is kind,  
      Chiefly to such whose Hearts are pure:  
2      Yet from his Path I had declin'd,  
      And found my Steps were unsecure;  
3      Observing with an envious Eye,  
      When wicked Men grow rich and high.  
  
4      They vigorous are with youthful Health,  
      From Danger and from Death repriev'd ;  
      Live at their Ease, abound with Wealth,  
5      Nor are like their poor Neighbors griev'd :  
      Girded with Chains of Pride they are,  
6      And Robes of Violence do wear.  
  
7      Their Eyes with pamper'd Fatness swell,  
      They swim and leap in Pleasure's Stream ;  
8      Their Boasts of Vice to others tell,  
      And braving God himself, blaspheme :  
9      Inspir'd from Hell, 'gainst Heaven they talk,  
      And thro the World their Maxims walk.

- 10 These Arts the People to 'em draw,  
     Their Cups are full, the Liquor strong ;  
 11 As if God neither heard nor saw,  
     Nor such low Cares to him belong :  
 12 Such are th'Ungodly, yet in Peace  
     They live, and in their Wealth increase.
- 13 Then I in vain have cleans'd my Heart,  
     And wash'd in Innocence my Hands ;  
 14 For all the Day I feel the Smart,  
     My Soul each Morning chafest'n'd stands ;  
 15 Till I almost became like them :  
     But then thy Children I condemn.
- 16 This Secret long I sought to know,  
     But 'twas (alas !) too high for me ;  
 17 Till to thy Temple I did go,  
     And now their fatal End I see :  
 18 In slippery Stations they are plac'd,  
     And thence into Destruction cast.
- 19 How swiftly does their Vengeance fly !  
     They in a moment's Space are slain ;  
 20 In such a fearful State they die,  
     That not their Image does remain :  
     And they to us no other seem,  
     Than, to a Man awak'd, his Dream.
- 21 How did it strike my foolish Heart !  
 22 I like a Beast confus'd did stand,

- 23 Till I descry'd the better part,  
Supported by thy gracious Hand:  
24 With me thy Counsels shall abide,  
And to Eternal Glory guide.
- 25 What can the Heav'ns to Thee compare,  
Or Earth, if thou shouldst thence depart?  
26 My Heart and Flesh both languid are,  
But Thou my lasting Portion art.  
Let me, my God, by thee stand fast,  
For all my Trust in thee is plac'd.
- 27 Who other Gods for thee mistake,  
Thy Honour they adulterate;  
Whoe'er thy Worship do forsake,  
Shall their sad Doom participate.  
28 To God my Trust I will draw near,  
And in his Courts with Praise appear.

## P S A L M LXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, why dost thou from us retire,  
Why does thy Anger smoke like Fire?  
2 Thou art our Shepherd, we thy Fold,  
Thy Flock which thou hast bought of old,  
Thy Lot which from our Fathers fell,  
The sacred Hill where thou dost dwell.  
3 Lift up thy Feet, and bring to nought  
What Sinners in thy House have wrought.

- 4 They in th' Assembly roar with Scorn,  
Before them are their Ensigns born :  
5 That Architect, who first did build  
The Fabrick, in his Art was skill'd.
- 6 But with the Ax and Hammer's Stroke,  
All the carv'd Figures they have broke ;  
7 The Habitation of thy Name,  
Thy Sanctuary, falls by Flame.
- 8 They boast, the Syn'gogues of the Land,  
Demolish'd once, no more shall stand :  
9 We see no Signs, no Prophet dwells  
Amongst us, who our State foretells.
- 10 How long shall the proud Foe blaspheme ?  
When wilt thou us from Shame redeem ?  
11 Let thy revenging Hand appear,  
And strike into thy Foes our Fear.
- 12 The Lord, who was of old my King,  
Salvation to the Earth does bring :  
13 Thy mighty Pow'r did part the Flood,  
And stain'd it with the Dragon's Blood.
- 14 Leviathan's divided Head  
Thy People in the Desart fed ;  
15 When thou the Fountains didst divide,  
The deepest Rivers soon were dry'd.

- 16 Thine is the Day, and thine the Night;  
From Thee the Sun derives his Light :
- 17 Thy Hand did the Earth's Bounds design,  
The Seasons of the Year are thine.
- 18 Yet still thy Foes reproach thy Name,  
And Fools their Blasphemys proclaim :
- 19 O give not up thy Turtle Dove,  
Nor from the Poor thy Help remove !
- 20 The Cruel in dark Regions plant:  
Forget not, Lord, thy Covenant !
- 21 Let not the Simple suffer Shame!  
And may the Needy praise thy Name !
- 22 Plead thy own Cause, O Lord, and rise;  
Thee with Reproach the Fool defys :
- 23 Loud are the Outcrys of thy Foes,  
Still higher their Presumption grows.

## PSALM LXXV.

- 1 WE thank thee that thy Name is near,  
Which thy great Wonders make appear :
- 2 When I the Congregation call,  
I'll equally be just to All.
- 3 The Earth it self wou'd fall I fear,  
Wer't not that I the Pillars bear :
- 4 Let not the stiff-neck'd raise so high.
- 5 Their Horn, nor Fools deal foolishly.

- 6 Promotion comes not from the East,  
Nor from the South, nor from the West ;  
7 God is the Judg, who raises one,  
When he has cast another down.
- 8 A Chalice in th' Almighty's Hand,  
Full of red Wine well mixt, does stand ;  
The Dregs, which to the Bottom sink,  
Th' Ungodly shall wring out, and drink.
- 9 The God of *Jacob* I will praise,  
And with my Voice his Glory raise :  
10 The Wicked's Horn cast down shall lie,  
The Just's shall be exalted high.

## P S A L M LXXVI.

- 1 **I**N *Judah* is *Jehovah* known,  
His Name is great in *Israel* :  
2 At *Salem* is his Royal Throne,  
And in Mount *Sion* he does dwell.
- 3 He brake the Arrows and the Bow,  
The Shield, and Sword ; and won the Day :  
4 His mighty Acts more Honour show,  
And far excel the Hills of Prey.
- 5 None of the Valiant now remain,  
They sleep in everlasting Night ;  
The Mighty and the Strong are slain,  
Nor can they raise their Hands to fight.

- 6 The Horseman and the Chariot flys,  
At thy Rebuke possest with Fear ;  
7 For when thy flaming Wrath does rise,  
Who in thy Presence can appear ?
- 8 When Earth from Heav'n thy Judgment hears,  
With Fear amaz'd she still does stand ;  
9 God on his Judgment-Seat appears,  
To save the Humble of the Land.
- 10 Man's Fury in thy Praise shall end,  
When on it thy Restraint is laid :  
11 Then with your Presents God attend,  
And let your solemn Vows be paid.
- Him all the Nations ought to fear,  
12 Who pulls down Tyrants in their Pride :  
And when his Terror does appear,  
No Princes can its force abide.

## P S A L M . LXXVII.

- 1 **M**Y Crys to God I did present,  
To him when griev'd I took my Flight ;  
2 To me his gracious Ear he lent,  
My painful Sore ran all the Night.
- 3 My weary'd Soul found no Repose,  
Complaints did all my Spirits break ;  
4 Short Slumber did my Eyelids close ;  
And when I wak'd, I cou'd not speak.

- 5 I thought upon the Days of old,  
 6 My Song by Night I call'd to mind ;  
 And Counsels with my Heart did hold,  
 Which way I might some Comfort find.
- 7 Will God for ever me reject ?  
 Those Favours lost which I enjoy'd ?  
 8 Will not his Mercy me protect ?  
 Are all his Promises made void ?
- 9 His antient Kindness he withdraws,  
 And shall his Love in Anger die ?  
 10 I said, my Weakness was the Cause,  
 When I remembred the most High.
- 11 His Miracles I will relate,  
 In his most sacred Paths I'll walk ;  
 12 Of his great Wonders meditate,  
 And of his mighty Actions talk.

## P A R T II.

- 13 The Paths wherein the Lord has trod,  
 In his bleſt Sanctuary are ;  
 14 What wondrous Works are done by God,  
 He to his People will declare.
- 15 Old Jacob's Race, and Joseph's Sons  
 Are all redeem'd by his high Hand ;  
 16 The Sea from his fear'd Presence runs,  
 And all the Deeps did wond'ring stand.

- 17 The Clouds pour'd down great Streams; the Skys  
Resounding, thy keen Arrows sent;
- 18 Thro Heav'n thy roaring Thunder flies,  
The trembling Earth thy Lightnings rent.
- 19 God the Sea's untrac'd Paths does tread,  
What Man his Ways can understand?
- 20 His People like a Flock he led  
By *Moses*, and by *Aaron's* Hand.

## P S A L M LXXVIII.

- 1 **M**Y People, give attentive Ear,  
When you my Law and Precepts hear:
- 2 My Mouth shall Parables relate,  
Mysterious Truths of antient date;
- 3 Which to our Fathers were reveal'd,
- 4 Nor from their Sons by them conceal'd;  
That to all Ages may be known  
The wondrous Works our God has done.
- 5 A Testimony which must stand  
He gave to *Jacob*, with Command,  
This to his Progeny to show,
- 6 That the Unborn his Law might know.
- 7 That they their Hopes on God might set;  
Nor ever his Commands forget;
- 8 Nor, as their stubborn Fathers were,  
Bold and rebellious shou'd appear.

Whose

Whose Hearts wou'd not his Law obey,  
 But from his Spirit went astray ;  
 9 Flying like *Ephraim's* fearful Band,  
 Who arm'd, the Battel durst not stand.

10 God's Covenant they valu'd not,  
 11 His Wonders and his Works forgot ;  
 12 Which their old Fathers had beheld,  
 In *Egypt*, and in *Zoan's* Field.

13 The Sea, divided by his Hand,  
 Like Mountains on each Side did stand ;  
 14 By Day a Cloud did guide, by Night  
 A fiery Pillar gave them Light.

15 Then from the wounded Rock distil'd  
 A Riv'let, which the Valleys fill'd ;  
 16 And with its pleasant Streams assuag'd  
 That Thirst, which in their Bowels rag'd.

17 Yet quencht not their seditious Fire,  
 They in the Desart still conspire,  
 18 And with Temptation God defy,  
 Their glutt'nous Lust to satisfy.

19 Why does he not a Table set  
 I'th' Wilderness, and give us Meat ?  
 20 With Streams he cou'd our Thirst refresh,  
 But Hunger calls for Bread and Flesh.

## P A R T II:

- 21 God hearing this, grew angry, since  
 His Wonders cou'd not them convince :  
 Fire, against Jacob kindled, flam'd ;  
 And Plagues on Israel were proclaim'd.
- 22 Because they did not God believe,  
 Nor his Salvation wou'd receive ;
- 23 Tho' Clouds for Guides he did command,  
 And Heav'n's wide Doors did open stand.
- 24 When luscious Manna was distil'd,
- 25 And Man with Angels Food was fill'd ;
- 26 His Pow'r did raise South-Wind and East,  
 And to the full he did them feast.
- 27 Like the Sea's Sand came Fowl, like Dust  
 Flesh on them fell to glut their Lust :
- 28 This quite throughout the Camp was found,  
 And all their Mansions did surround.
- 29 Thus they their own Desire enjoy'd ;
- 30 But whilst their Souls with Flesh they cloy'd,
- 31 The Wrath of God upon them fell,  
 And smote the Chiefs of Israel.
- 32 Yet to their former Sins they cleave,  
 Nor wou'd his wondrous Works conceive :

33 There-

33 Therefore their Days they vainly spent,  
Grief to consume their Years was sent.

34 When they were plagu'd, on God they thought;  
And him with new Addresses sought;  
35 Rememb'ring his redeeming Pow'r,  
The Rock of their Defence and Tow'r.

36 Their Lips but flatter'd the most High,  
With their dissembling Tongues they lye;  
37 Truth their unstable Hearts did want,  
Regardless of his Covenant.

### P A R T III.

38 But his Compassion still forgave,  
And them from Ruin still did save:  
39 Oft of his Anger he repents,  
And his consuming Wrath relents:

Rememb'ring that frail Human Kind  
Passes away, as does the Wind.  
40 Yet still to Mutiny they fell,  
Still in the Desart did rebel,  
41 And griev'd the God of *Israel*;

42 That God, whose Pow'r had set them free  
From their *Egyptian Slavery*.  
43 His Signs and Wonders set at nought,  
In *Zoan's Fields*, and *Egypt* wrought,  
All that he did they soon forgot.

- 44 How all their Streams to Blood were turn'd,  
Whilst with hot Thirst their Intrails burn'd ;  
45 Strange Flys, Frogs, Lice, their Flesh did eat,  
46 Locusts and Grasshoppers their Wheat.
- 47 The Frost their Mulberrys annoy'd,  
And Hail their fruitful Vines destroy'd :  
48 Stones fell among their Flocks like Hail,  
And Thunderbolts their Herds assail.
- 49 God their great Torments to augment,  
Amongst them evil Angels sent,  
50 Arm'd with Diseases pestilent.  
51 Then the First-born of *Egypt* fell,  
All who in Tents of *Ham* did dwell.
- 52 But God for his own Flock provides,  
As Sheep them thro the Desart guides:  
53 For them the Deeps divided stood,  
But on their Foes unite their Flood.
- 54 God leads them to that happy Land,  
Purchas'd with his Almighty Hand ;  
55 The Heathen from their Dwellings chas'd,  
And *Israel* in their Country plac'd :
- Where with a Line to every Tribe,  
He a Possession did describe.  
56 Yet still the Laws of God they broke,  
And with new Lusts his Wrath provoke :

57 Acting again their Father's Part,  
Like a deceitful Bow they start:

58 In their High Places Altars made,  
And to their graven Idols pray'd.

#### PART IV.

59 Thus they provok'd their jealous Lord  
To Anger, till he them abhor'd;

60 Abandoning that sacred Tent,  
Which he in *Shilo* did frequent.

61 So that his Ark he did forego,  
And left his Glory to his Foe:

62 Gave up his People to the Sword,  
His own Inheritance abhor'd!

63 The young Men to the Fire were led,  
And Virgins knew no Bridal Bed:

64 The Sword of Life the Priests depriv'd,  
Nor Widows to lament surviv'd.

65 God, like a Giant rous'd from Sleep,  
Whom Fumes of Wine a Pris'ner keep;

66 His Foes i'th' hinder Parts did wound,  
And with eternal Shaine confound.

67 Yet wou'd he not chuse *Ephraim's* Tribe,  
He *Joseph's* Offspring did proscribe;

68 But *Judah's* Tribe he then approv'd,  
And chose Mount *Sion* which he lov'd.

69 There

- 69 There he his Sanctuary plac'd,  
Which like the Earth shou'd ever last.  
70 Then from the Care of teeming Ewes,  
His Servant *David* he did chuse ;
- 71 Who laid aside his Shepherd's Hook,  
And from God's Hand a Scepter took :  
God to a Crown did him advance,  
To feed his own Inheritance.  
72 Them with Integrity he fed,  
And them with skilful Conduct led.

## P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**H E Heathen, Lord, thy Land invade,  
Thy Holy Temple waste is laid ;  
*Jerusalem's* a Heap of Stones,  
2 And all thy Servants Flesh and Bones  
  
A Prey to Fowl and Beasts become,  
3 While none survive their Dead t'intomb ;  
Their Blood's like Water spilt, whilst all  
Our Foes with Scorn upon us fall.  
  
4 And ev'n our Neighbours us deride.  
5 How long, Lord, shall thy Wrath abide ?  
How long thy jealous Anger flame  
6 On those who never heard thy Name ?  
  
7 Thy Vengeance on the Heathen pour,  
Who *Jacob* and thy Flock devour.

8 O Lord, don't our past Sins resent !  
From new, in Mercy, us prevent.

9 God of Salvation, those restore  
From Sin, who thy great Name adore :  
10 Let not the Heathen vainly boast,  
That *Israel's* Tribes their God have lost.

If thou revenge thy Servant's Blood,  
Thy Foes shall own thee Just and Good.  
11 Lord, hear the sighing Captives Cry,  
Theirs who appointed are to die !  
12 Let the Reproach they cast on Thee,  
Sev'n times increas'd their Portion be !  
13 Then, Lord, thy Flock shall spend their Days  
With Thanks, in setting forth thy Praise.

## P S A L M LXXX.

1 G R E A T Shepherd of thy *Israel*!  
Who *Joseph* like a Flock dost guide,  
Between the Cherubims dost dwell,  
2 Stir up thy wondrous Strength ; nor hide,  
O Lord, from *Benjamin* thy Face,  
Nor from thy Servant *Joseph*'s Race.  
3 Turn us, and cause thy Face to shine,  
O Lord, and then we shall be thine.  
4 How long shall thy Displeasure last,  
Why from our Pray'r dost turn thy Ears ?

- 5 We in our Bread Affliction tast,  
And with our Drink we mix our Tears:
- 6 'Twixt Strife and Envy we are torn,  
And us our Neighbours laugh to scorn.
- 7 Turn us, and cause thy Face to shine,  
O Lord, and then we shall be thine.
- 8 A Vine from *Egypt* thou didst take,  
In *Canaan* planted by thy Hand;
- 9 Room for her spreading Branch didst make,  
And her ripe Clusters fill'd the Land.
- 10 Her Shadow veil'd the Hills, her Head  
Tall as a goodly Cedar spread:  
*Then let thy glorious Presence shine,*  
*To save and to restore thy Vine.*
- 11 Her Branches to the Sea were grown,  
Her Leaves did shade the Rivers Brink:
- 12 Why are her Fences broken down?  
Strangers her Clusters press and drink:
- 13 Boars from the Forest tear her Roots,  
The savage Beasts devour her Fruits.
- 14 O let thy glorious Presence shine,  
*To save and to restore thy Vine.*
- 15 Thy Hand this Vineyard did enclose,  
Which for thy Service fenc'd did stand;
- 16 With thy Rebuke confound not those,  
17 Whom thou hast plac'd at thy right Hand.

- 18 Then shall we not go back from Thee,  
But quickned, thy Adorers be.  
19 Turn us, and cause thy Face to shine,  
*O Lord,* and then we shall be thine.

## P s a l m LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our Strength your Voices raise,  
2 Compose a Psalm to sing his Praise ;  
The warbling Lute, sweet Viol bring,  
The solemn Harp, and Cymbal ring.
- 3 The New Moon seen, shrill Trumpets sound ;  
Your sacred Feasts with Triumphs crown'd.  
4 These Rites in *Israel* God decreed,  
When them from Bondage he had freed.
- 5 When he redeem'd them by his Hand,  
From both an unknown Tongue and Land ;  
6 Your Burdens I have cast away,  
Says God, and cleans'd your Hands from Clay.
- 7 To you, when in your Fears you cry'd,  
I from the thundring Cloud reply'd :  
I saw and heard your Murmuring  
At *Meriba*'s distastful Springs.
- 8 Ye Sons of *Israel*, now give ear ;  
I will instruct, if you will hear :  
9 No Idols, no false Gods adore,  
Nor their mistaken Power implore.

10 'Twas I who brought thee from the Land  
Of *Egypt*, with a mighty Hand ;  
I am thy Lord, then open wide  
Thy Mouth, thou shalt be satisfy'd.

11 Yet to my Voice they hearkned not,  
And *Israel* soon their God forgot :

12 When to their Lusts by me resign'd,  
To Error they again declin'd.

13 O that my People had obey'd  
My Voice ! nor from my Paths had stray'd !

14 I soon for them my Hand had rear'd,  
And their Defender had appear'd.

15 Then had I made their Enemy  
Submit, and at their Mercy lie :  
Blest had they been with lasting Peace,

16 And happy in the Earth's Increase ;  
With Flour of Wheat and Honey fill'd,  
Which from the hollow Rock distil'd.

## P S A L M LXXXII.

1 **G**OD sits above the Thrones of Kings,  
The Gods his Judgments bind :

2 How long shall wicked Men in things  
Unjust, Acceptance find !

3 Defend the Poor and Fatherless,  
And the Afflicted feed :

4 Let those, who suffer sad Distress,  
Be from Oppression freed.

5 They will not know nor understand,  
Dark Clouds their Day o'er take ;  
The firm Foundations of the Land,  
With great Disorder shake.

6 The Mighty once I Gods did call,  
And Sons of the most High,

7 Till I beheld how Princes fall,  
And like the Vulgar die.

8 And now, O Lord, thy Self advance,  
And make thy Judgments known !  
The Earth is thy Inheritance,  
And all the World thy own.

## P S A L M LXXXIII.

1 **O** Lord, no longer hold thy Peace,  
Nor still in Silence lie !

2 Behold thy Enemys increase,  
And lift their Heads on high.

3 They sit in Council to find out  
Thy secret ones, and boast

4 That *Israel's* Forces they shall rout,  
Their Name and Race be lost.

5 Each Hand to this Design consents,  
Against Thee all combine :

- 6 Fierce *Edom* in his wandring Tents,  
And *Ishmael's* thievish Line!
- 7 The *Hagarens* and *Moabites*,  
With *Amorites* conspire;  
*Gebal* and the *Amalekites*,  
With those of faithless *Tyre*.
- 8 Next our old Foes of *Palestine*,  
With whom th' *Affyrians* plot,  
Join'd with the misbegotten Line  
Of old incestuous *Lot*.
- 9 The Fate of *Jabin*, *Sisera*,  
And *Midian* them pursue!
- 10 Whom, where the Streams of *Kison* stray,  
Our Troops at *Endor* slew.
- 11 Slay them as *Zeba*, *Zalmunna*,  
And *Zeeb*, with *Oreb*-fell,
- 12 Who proudly said, We'l take away  
The House where God does dwell.
- 13 Lord, make them like a turning Wheel,  
As Chaff before the Wind !
- 14 As Woods which Flames consuming feel,  
And leave no Trace behind.
- 15 So let thy Wrath like Fire increase !  
So them confound with Shame !
- 16 Nor let the raging Tempest cease,  
Till they confess thy Name !
- 17 O may they all Confusion see,  
And in Destruction fall !
- 18 Until

18 Until the World convinc'd shall be,  
That GOD is Lord of all.

## PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 O Lord, How beauteous are thy Courts!  
2 Thither my longing Soul resorts;  
Fainting to see that blest Abode,  
Wherein resides th' Almighty God.
- 3 The Sparrow finds a Place to rest;  
The untun'd Swallow builds her Nest:  
Within thy Walls their Young they breed,  
And them before thy Altar feed.
- 4 How blest are they who there may dwell,  
Thy Wonders, and thy Works to tell!  
5 How blest are they, whose Strength abides  
In God! for these He safely guides.
- 6 These in the thirsty Vales are fill'd  
With Springs, or Show'rs from Clouds distil'd;  
7 Passing along from Strength to Strength,  
Till they Mount *Sion* reach at length.
- 8 The God of *Jacob* lends his Ear,  
The Lord of Hosts my Pray'r will hear.  
9 Thou art my Shield; and, Lord, thy Grace  
Inlightens thy Anointed's Face.
- 10 One Day which in thy Courts I spend,  
A thousand others does transcend.

Thy

Thy Temple-Gates I'll rather keep,  
Than in the Tents of Princes sleep.

- 11 God like a Shield gives strong Defence :  
And as the Sun, whose Influence  
Breeds all things for our Good ; so he,
- 12 O God, is blest, who trusts in Thee !

## P S A L M LXXXV.

- 1 L ORD ! Thou hast most indulgent been,  
And Jacob hast redeem'd from Chains :
- 2 Our Failings are no longer seen,  
3 And nothing of our Sin remains.
- 4 Turn us, that Thou from Wrath mayst turn,  
Nor let thy Anger ever burn.
- 5 Shall our Despair for ever live ?  
And shall we no Cessation see ?
- 6 Lord, let thy Spirit us revive !  
So shall our Souls rejoice in Thee.
- 7 May thy clear Streams of Mercy flow ;  
And thy Salvation to us show.
- 8 I, what the Lord shall speak, will hear ;  
Thy Voice of Peace thy Saints attend :
- 9 Believing thy Salvation near,  
The People shall their Follys end.
- 10 Mercy and Truth together stand,  
Justice and Peace walk hand in hand.

- 11 Then Righteousness from Earth shall rise,  
And Truth from Heav'n shall be distil'd ;  
12 Plenty God's lib'ral Hand supplys,  
And Earth a glad Increase shall yield.  
13 Before Thee Righteousness shall go,  
And thy Example to us show.

## P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 T H Y Ear to thy poor Suppliant bow,  
2 And his untainted Soul defend :  
To him thy high Salvation show,  
For all his Hopes on Thee depend.  
3 I for thy Mercy raise my Voice,  
4 O may thy Servant's Soul rejoice !
- 5 Thou, Lord, art ready to forgive,  
Thy boundless Mercy knows no end ;  
6 My Supplications, Lord, receive,  
7 When troubled I shall Thee attend.  
8 Like Thee no other Gods there are,  
Nor can their Works with thine compare.
- 9 All Nations, which Thou didst create,  
Behold the Wonders Thou hast done ;  
Thy mighty Name shall celebrate,  
10 Confessing Thou art God alone.  
11 Teach me, O Lord, to walk upright,  
And to thy Fear my Heart unite !

- 12 For ever, Lord, my thankful Heart  
     Thy Name shall glorify and praise;
- 13 Thou so great Mercy didst impart,  
     My Soul from lowest Hell to raise.
- 14 Yet Pride and Force against me rise,  
     And God is not before their Eyes.
- 15 Early and near thy Mercys are,  
     Thy Anger and Revenge come late;
- 16 Thy Handmaid's Son with Strength repair,  
     That those who him deride and hate,
- 17 The Tokens of thy Love may see,  
     How Thou dost help and comfort me.

## P S A L M . LXXXVII.

- 1 SION's Foundations God has blest,  
     Loves That of all his Dwellings best.
- 2 We high and glorious things record  
     Of Thee, the City of the Lord.
- 3 Let Babylon with Raab join,  
     Tyre, Ethiope, and Palestine;  
     All their Inhabitants shall hear,  
     And tell who had his Birth-place there.
- 4 Sion by the Almighty Hands  
     Of God himself establish'd stands.
- 5 Under his Hand it rests decreed,  
     That MAN of Men shou'd thence proceed.
- 6 Our Songs loud Musick shall attend,  
     When Divine Springs shall thence descend.

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 O God of my Salvation ! Thee  
I seek both Night and Day ;
- 2 Let not my Crys rejected be,  
But hear me when I pray :
- 3 Lest when thy Terrors stop my Breath,  
I fall into the Jaws of Death.
- 4 I among those receive my Lot,  
Who sink into the Deep :
- 5 With such as God remembers not,  
I in Oblivion sleep,
- 6 Cast out into a Sea of Woe,  
7 Where me the swelling Waves o'erflow.
- 8 Me my Acquaintance hate and scorn,  
My House becomes my Jail :
- 9 And my dim Eyes with weeping mourn,  
When I my Sins bewail.
- 10 Wilt Thou such Wonders work, to raise  
Man from the dead to sing thy Praise !
- 11 Who can thy Wonders understand,  
That in the Grave remains ?
- 12 Who Thee remember in the Land,  
Where dark Oblivion reigns ?
- 13 To Thee my early Crys I sent,  
My Vows the Morning did prevent.

14 Why, Lord, hast Thou my Soul cast out?  
And turn'd from me thy Eye?

15 Death compasses my Youth about,  
And I distracted die.

16 Thy Terrors cut me off with Woes,  
My Soul thy Fury overthrows.

17 They daily like a swelling Flood  
Against me did appear,  
And in a Croud together stood,  
While not a Friend came near.

18 All my Companions stand afar;  
My Lovers lost in Darkness are.

## P S A L M LXXXIX.

1 F R O M Age to Age I will record  
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord.

2 His Faithfulness as firmly stands,  
As Heaven establish'd by his Hands.

3 A Cov'nant He with *David* made,  
And to his Chosen, swearing, said:

4 Thy Off-spring shall be blest, thy Throne  
Shall stand for ever, like my own.

5 Angels thy heavenly Wonders show,  
Thy Saints declare thy Works below.

6 Celestial Pow'rs thy Subjects are,  
Then what can Earth to Thee compare?

- 7 With Reverence all his Saints appear,  
And round him stand with awful Fear.  
 8 The Lord of Hosts with Strength abounds,  
And Faithfulness his Throne surrounds.
- 9 Thy Breath with Rage the Sea does fill,  
And at thy Word the Storms are still.  
 10 Thy Voice, like Death, has *Rahab* broke,  
Thy Foes lie scatter'd by thy Stroke.
- 11 Thy Bounty Heaven and Earth did found,  
From whence with Fulness they abound.  
 12 The *North* and *South* thy Hand did frame,  
*Tabor* and *Hermon* praise thy Name.  
 13 Thy mighty Arm in Strength excels,  
And Valour in thy right Hand dwells.

## PART II.

- 14 Thy Throne is fixt on Judgment's Base,  
And Mercy stands before thy Face.  
 15 Thrice happy they, thy Voice who hear,  
And by thy Law their Courses steer !
- 16 Exalted in thy Righteousness,  
They to thy Name their Prayer address :  
 17 Their Strength is by thy Glory born,  
Thy Favour shall exalt their Horn.
- 18 We safe in thy Protection dwell,  
Thou Holy One of *Israel*.

19 'Twas

- 19 'Twas God, who in a Vision said,  
I on the Mighty Help have laid.
- 20 David my Servant first I chose,  
His Head my sacred Oil o'erflows.
- 21 Firmly supported by my Hand,  
His Strength shall conquer and command.
- 22 His Enemy shall ne'er prevail ;  
The Sons of Wickedness shall fail,
- 23 Cast down before his Face : and all  
Who hate him, by my Plagues shall fall.
- 24 Mercy and Faithfulness his Ways  
Shall point, my Name his Horn shall raise.
- 25 He o'er the Sea shall stretch his Hand,  
And mighty Rivers shall command.
- 26 Me for his Father he shall own,  
His saving Rock ; for he's my Son,
- 27 The First-born of my heavenly Race :  
Above all Empires is his Place.
- 28 With him my Cov'nant shall stand fast,  
My Mercy shall for ever last.
- 29 His Seed for ever shall endure,  
His Throne as Heaven it self secure.
- 30 But if his Sons forsake my Law,  
And their Obedience shall withdraw ;
- 31 If from my Ways and Rules they stray,  
And my Commandments disobey ;

- 32 Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,  
Their Backs shall feel the Stripes of God:
- 33 Yet shall they not to Ruin fall,  
My Word I never will recall.
- 34 My Cov'nant I will never break,  
Nor whatsoe'er my Lips did speak.
- 35 By my own Holiness have I  
Once sworn, nor will to *David* lye:
- 36 The Throne of his Eternal Line,  
For ever like the Sun shall shine :
- 37 Fixt like the Moon in Heaven, and there  
A faithful Witness shall appear.

## P A R T III.

- 38 This was thy Cov'nant seal'd to me ;  
When shall it, Lord, accomplish'd be ?
- 39 Thou hast cast thy Anointed down,  
Hast broken and abas'd his Crown.
- 40 Thy Anger has laid waste his Wall ;  
All his strong Holds to Ruin fall.
- 41 The Strangers on his Rights incroach,  
And all his Neighbours Him reproach.
- 42 Thy Hand upholds th' insulting Foes,  
Who boast and triumph in his Woes.
- 43 His blunted Sword deceives his Hand ;  
The furious Charge He cannot stand.

- 44 His Glory's vanish'd, his Renown  
Is laid in Dust, his Throne cast down.  
45 His vigorous Youth and hopeful Race  
End, and Confusion fills his Face.  
  
46 How long wilt Thou from us retire,  
And let thy Anger burn like Fire?  
47 Remember, Lord, how vain is Man,  
How few his Hours, how short his Span !  
  
48 Short from his Cradle to his Grave,  
For who from thence himself can save ?  
49 How is thy Tenderness decay'd ?  
Where are thy Vows to *David* made ?  
  
50 For He's become the People's Scorn,  
With Laughter and Reproaches torn.  
51 These Scorns if thy Anointed bear,  
They less his Foes than thine appear.  
But blest for ever be thy Name,  
And may all Nations say the same !

*The End of the Third Book of Psalms.*

## The Fourth Book of Psalms.

**PSALM XC.**

9 We

- 9 We all our Days in Sorrow spend ;  
And as a Tale that's told, they end.  
10 Seventy compleats the Age of Man ;  
Eighty but stretches out his Span.

And who beyond that measure strains,  
Upon the Rack prolongs his Pains.  
11 Who knows thy Anger's Power ? or who  
Pays thy just Wrath the Fear that's due ?

12 When once we're taught to count our Days,  
Our Hearts with Wisdom we shall raise.  
13 Return, O Lord ; Lo ! we repent :  
O free us from Sin's Punishment !

14 Blest God, thy Sun of Mercy raise,  
And give us bright and happy Days !  
15 Measure the Years which make us glad,  
Equal with those which made us sad.

16 Thy Wonders to thy Servants show,  
And let their Sons thy Glory know.  
17 May that on us its Beams reflect,  
And with its Light our Ways direct.

## PSALM XCI.

- 1 WHO to God's sacred Place resort,  
Them the Almighty's Wings o'ershade :  
2 He is their Refuge, and their Fort,  
Their God, on whom their Trust is laid.

- 3 Deliver'd from the Fowler's Snare,  
Their Lives the noisom Plague shall spare.
- 4 With his soft Feathers overspred,  
Under a Buckler safely lie:
- 5 Nor the Night's dismal Terrors dread,  
Nor th' Arrow, which by Day does fly.
- 6 Nor Plagues by Night that walk the Round,  
Nor those of Noon-tide them shall wound.
- 7 Thousands shall fall at thy right Hand,  
Whilst Thou from Dangers shalt be free:
- 8 As a Spectator Thou shalt stand,  
And the Reward of Sinners see.
- 9 Since God thy Refuge is become,  
His Habitation is thy Home.
- 10 No ill Event shall thee invade,  
No noisom Plague thy House infect:
- 11 His Angels God thy Guard has made,  
Who thee in all thy Ways protect.
- 12 On Thee his Ministers attend,  
Nor shall a Stone thy Foot offend.
- 13 Thou on the Basilisk shalt tread,  
The Lion and the Dragon tame:
- 14 From Danger God preserves thy Head,  
For thou hast lov'd and fear'd his Name.
- 15 Safe and in Honour shalt thou live,
- 16 And my Salvation shalt receive.

## P S A L M X C I I :

- 1 'T IS good, our Thanks to God to bring,  
And Praises to his Name to sing.
- 2 His Love the Morning shall recite,  
His Faithfulness the fearful Night.
- 3 All Arts which Musick can invent,  
Harp, Psaltry, ten-string'd Instrument,  
His solemn Praises shall resound ;
- 4 Whose Works with Joy my Head have crown'd.
- 5 How great the Works which God has wrought !  
And how profound his secret Thought !
- 6 Fools to this Knowledg can't ascend,  
Nor brutish Man this comprehend.
- 7 When Sin like Grass grows strong and high,  
'Tis certain then the Harvest's nigh.
- 8 God ever sits on high, and all
- 9 His wicked Foes disperst shall fall.
- 10 Anointed with fresh Oil, my Horn  
Is strong, like that o'th' Unicorn.
- 11 My Foes shall fall before my Eyes,  
My Ear shall hear their dying Crys.
- 12 The Righteous like a Palm are grown,  
Like Cedars spread on Lebanon ;
- 13 Whom God in his own Courts does plant,
- 14 They neither Fruit nor Blossoms want.

136      P S A L M   X C I I I .   X C I V .

15 Thus is our God for ever just,  
Firm as a Rock, when him we trust.

P S A L M   X C I I I .

- 1 GOD cloth'd in his Majestick Robe,  
His mighty Scepter bears  
Over the new created Globe ;  
And girt with Strength appears.  
2 His Throne, than Time it self's more old.  
3 Aloud the Ocean roars ;  
Its Billows to the Skies are roll'd,  
4 Yet God has fix'd its Shores.

His Voice exceeds the Ocean's far,  
When Waves their Rage proclaim :  
5 Secure his Testimonys are,  
And Holy is his Name.

P S A L M   X C I V .

- 1 O God, to whom Revenge belongs,  
Arise and vindicate our Wrongs !  
2 Let not the World's great Judg retard  
His Justice, but the Proud reward.  
3 How long shall they their Power posses,  
And triumph in their Wickedness ?  
4 Their Hands still execute those Wrongs,  
They threaten with their boasting Tongues.

- 5 In pieces, with their Pride and Rage,  
They break and tear thy Heritage.  
6 The Widow's Blood the Strangers spill,  
And the forsaken Orphan kill.  
7 They say, God will not this discern,  
Nor do such Trifles Him concern.  
8 Now understand, thou brutish Man ;  
Ye Fools, consider if you can.  
9 Think ye that He nor sees, nor hears,  
Who gave to Man both Eyes and Ears ?  
10 To Him, who Heathens has chastis'd,  
Think ye that ye can walk disguis'd ?

How can Man think God nothing knows,  
From whom all Human Knowledg flows ?  
11 Fond Man ! so much he knows of Thee,  
He knows Thou art mere Vanity.

- 12 He's blest whom God's Chastisements awe,  
And make him recollect his Law.  
13 The Pit shall for the Wicked gape,  
When He all Danger shall escape.  
14 The Lord his People will protect,  
Nor his Inheritance reject.  
15 Justice to Righteousness is due,  
Th' upright in Heart shall that pursue.  
16 Who will stand up for me, and rise  
'Gainst those who work Iniquitys ?

- 17 My God has me in Safety kept;  
If not, I had in silence slept.
- 18 And when I said my Feet did slide,  
*Jehovah's* Mercy me did guide.
- 19 When my high Thoughts to Thee take flight,  
Thy Comforts, Lord, are my Delight.
- 20 Sure not with Thine, that Throne has stood,  
Which Mischief by a Law makes good.
- 21 The righteous Soul they circumvent,  
And doom to Death the Innocent.
- 22 But Thou, Lord, art my strong Support,  
My Rock, my Refuge, and my Fort:
- 23 Whilst they by thy just Hand shall die,  
Lost in their own Iniquity.

## PSALM XCV.

- 1 COME let us sing *Jehovah's* Praise,  
And in his Name rejoice:
- 2 To our Salvation's Rock we'll raise,  
In sacred Hymns, our Voice.
- 3 The Lord all other Gods excels,  
His Hand the World sustains:
- 4 He o'er the Hills and Vallys dwells,
- 5 And o'er the liquid Plains.
- 6 The Lord with bended Knees adore,  
He only is our God:
- 7 We are his Flock, his Pasture's Store,  
Conducted by his Rod.

8 Then let your Hearts, when He shall call,  
 From Hardnes be exempt ;  
 Nor like your Sires i'th' Desart fall,  
 When they their God did tempt.

9 His Works they saw, approv'd, believ'd;  
 10 Yet Him for forty Years  
 This wicked Generation griev'd,  
 And turn'd away their Ears.  
 His Laws they wou'd not understand:  
 11 In Wrath he did protest,  
 By this vile Race the promis'd Land  
 Shou'd never be possest.

## P s a l m X C V I .

- 1 Y E who from Earth, your Mother, spring,  
 New Songs to your Creator sing !
- 2 His high Salvation, Day to Day,  
 His Name and Honour shall display.
- 3 His Wonders to the People show !  
 His Glory let the Heathen know !
- 4 The Lord is great, and greatly prais'd,  
 His Pow'r above all Gods is rais'd.
- 5 These but from Men their Being take ;  
 Our God did Man and Angels make.
- 6 Pow'r, Honour, Majesty Divine,  
 In his pure Sanctuary shine.

- 7 Thro all the Earth let ev'ry Tribe  
Glory and Strength to God ascribe !  
8 His Honour and his Wonders sing,  
And to his Courts their Off'rings bring !
- 9 In pure and beauteous Holiness,  
Let all the World his Fear express.  
10 May to the Heathen this be known,  
That the Almighty reigns alone.
- Nor shall the Earth's Foundations move,  
Till they his righteous Judgments prove.  
11 Then Heaven and Earth shall both rejoice,  
And th' Ocean join its roaring Voice.
- 12 Then ev'ry Fruit shall joyful be,  
Fruits of the Field, and of the Tree.  
13 His Judgments to all Nations come,  
Who from his Mouth receive their Doom.

## PSALM XCVII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord does reign, let Earth advance  
His Praise, let all the Islands dance !  
2 A cloudy Mantle Him surrounds:  
With Righteousness and Light Divine,  
His Throne and high Pavilion shine.  
3 Fore-running Fire his Foes confounds.
- 4 His Lightnings to the World gave Light,  
Earth saw and trembled at the Sight.

## PSALM XCIII.

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- 5 Hills melt like Wax, like Snow they thaw.  
When God's bright Presence guilds the Air,  
6 The Skys his Righteousness declare :  
And all the Earth his Glory saw.
- 7 Confounded may they be who call  
On Idols, or before them fall ;  
All Gods on Earth before him bow.
- 8 Judah rejoic'd when God was heard,  
And Sion leap'd when He appear'd,  
For they his righteous Judgments know.
- 9 Above the Earth are his Abodes ;  
Rais'd above all created Gods.
- 10 Who love his Name, all Sins reject :  
Their Souls in Glory shall appear,  
And He their Lives and Fortunes here  
Shall from the wicked Hand protect.
- 11 His Light is for the Righteous sown,  
Gladness the upright Heart shall crown.  
Bring your Thank-offerings to the Lord.
- 12 Your Joy in chearful Songs express :  
His everlasting Holiness  
Still in your Memory record.

## PSALM XCIV.

- 1 To God our Lord renew your Song,  
His Hand has Wonders wrought :  
Triumphal Crowns to Him belong,  
When with his Foes he fought.

2 The

- 2 The Light of his Salvation round  
To Heathen Lands extends :
- 3 His Mercy *Jacob's* Race has found,  
And the World's utmost Ends.
  
- 4 To God, ye Nations of the Earth,  
With thankful Hearts rejoice :
- 5 And to the Lord your Joy and Mirth  
Express with Harp and Voice.
- 6 Your Cornets and your Trumpets sound ;
- 7 And let the Ocean roar,  
And from its clashing Waves rebound  
God's Wonders to the Shore.
  
- 8 Floods clap your Hands with loud Accord ;  
Ye Mountains dance for Mirth ;
- 9 When ye behold the righteous Lord  
Descend to judg the Earth.

## P S A L M X C I X .

- 1 **T**H E Lord does reign, the People quake,  
Of Cherubs He his Throne does make,  
While the Earth's firm Foundations shake.
- 2 In *Sion* is his sacred Seat,  
He above Earth sits High and Great,  
His Voice his Terrors does repeat.
  
- 3 In Justice is his chief Delight,
- 4 Judgment with Strength he does unite,  
To *Jacob's* Seed dispensing Right.

5 Kneel

- 5 Kneel at the Footstool of his Throne,  
For He's the High and Holy One,  
6 To *Moses* and to *Aaron* known:

*Samuel* next them invok'd his Name.

- 7 His Pillar, form'd of Clouds and Flame,  
Appear'd, from whence his Precepts came.  
His Testaments they did believe,  
Obedient to his Voice did live,  
8 And He their Errors did forgive.

Yet their Inventions He abhor'd.

- 9 Exalted be our mighty Lord,  
And on his sacred Mount ador'd !

### P S A L M C.

- 1 Y E Nations of the Earth rejoice,  
When ye to God your selves present ;  
2 And make your glad harmonious Voice  
Of his high Praise the Instrument.
- 3 He is our God ; for Man, 'tis sure,  
Made not himself : we are his Sheep ;  
His Flock with Care he does secure,  
In guarded Folds and Fields does keep.
- 4 Then to his Gates with Thanks resort,  
And in his Courts attend with Praise :  
Your Thankfulness to Him report,  
And to his Name your Trophys raise.

5 The Goodness of our God proclaim,  
 Whose Mercy shall for ever last :  
 His Truth, from Age to Age the same,  
 Shall so remain when Time is past.

## P S A L M C I.

1 L ORD, in my Song, thy Mercy sweet  
     Shall thy severer Justice meet ;  
 2 In Wisdom's Paths I'll guide my Feet.  
     When God is pleas'd to come to me,  
     Tow'rds him my Heart shall perfect be,  
 3 My Eye no wicked thing shall see.

Their Actions I abhor who start  
 4 Aside ; from me a foward Heart,  
     And a vile Person shall depart.  
 5 The Man that slanders privately,  
     And him that bears his Soul too high,  
     And the proud-hearted I defy.  
 6 They, whom my Eye shall faithful see,  
     And perfect, shall my Servants be,  
     And in the Land shall dwell with me.  
 7 But they who can deceive and lye,  
     With th' Impious from my Sight shall fly,  
 8 And from God's City banish'd die.

\*

P S A L M

## P S A L M CII.

- 1 O Lord, receive my doleful Crys !  
     Nor turn thy Face away :
- 2 But look upon my Miserys,  
     And hear me when I pray.  
     When in my Grief I Thee invoke,  
         Make me a quick return :
- 3 For all my Days consume in Smoke,  
     My Bones to Ashes burn.
- 4 My Heart like wither'd Graff seems dead,  
     My Voice is lost in Groans :  
     My Flesh consum'd for want of Bread,
- 5 And I can count my Bones.
- 6 So walks the Pelican distrest,  
     The Bird of Night so shrieks :
- 7 So the sad Sparrow from his Nest,  
     His lost Companion seeks.
- 8 All Day my Foe renews his Threat,  
     Against my Life he swears :
- 9 Ashes instead of Bread I eat,  
     And mix my Drink with Tears.
- 10 Only in Wrath Thou didst me raise,  
     To throw me down again ;
- 11 I like a Shadow end my Days,  
     Like Graff that thirsts for Rain.

- 12 All Ages Thee, O Lord, shall know,  
And ne'er thy Name forget:
- 13 Thy Mercy to thy *Sion* show,  
For Thou the Time hast set.
- 14 Thy Servants love her very Dust,  
Her Ruins they deplore:
- 15 The Heathen then in God shall trust,  
And Kings shall Him adore.
- 16 When *Sion* from the Dust shall rise,  
Thy Glory shall appear:
- 17 Then shalt Thou not our Prayers despise,  
But our Complaints shalt hear.
- 18 This after-Ages shall record  
To Nations yet unborn:
- 19 How from high Heaven to Earth, our Lord  
His glorious Eye did turn;
- 20 To hear the fetter'd Captive's Prayer,  
And Him from Death redeem;
- 21 His Name to worship, and declare  
In high *Jerusalem*.
- 22 But when their solemn Vows to pay,  
Th' Assembly did appear;
- 23 My Strength was broken in the way,  
My Days contracted were.
- 24 My Life, said I, Lord, do not end,  
E'er half my Days are past:  
Thy Years for evermore extend,  
Beyond all Time they last.

- 25 The Earth's Foundation Thou didst lay,  
Thou didst the Skys unfold.  
26 Thou shalt endure; they wear away,  
And grow, like Garments, old.

Tho like a Vesture they are chang'd,  
27 God still the same shall be.  
28 Thy Children shall not be estrang'd,  
But still confirm'd by Thee.

## P S A L M CIII.

- 1, 2 M Y Soul, with all thy Faculty's  
Rejoice, and magnify the Lord:  
3 Thine, and my Body's Malady's,  
His healing Hand to Health restor'd.  
4 He has redeem'd me from the Dead,  
His Love and Mercy crown'd my Head.  
5 His Daintys sute our Appetites,  
Our Youth, as th' Eagle's, he renews:  
6 He the Oppress'd with Justice rights,  
Th' Oppressor his Revenge pursues.  
7 His Ways to Moses once were shown,  
His mighty Acts to Israel known.  
8 His plenteous Mercys long abide,  
And his short Anger he retards:  
9 Nor does he always frown or chide,  
10 Nor like our Sins are our Rewards.  
11 As far as Heaven o'er Earth extends,  
So far his Grace our Crimes transcends.

- 12 As far from us has he remov'd  
Our pardon'd Sins, as East from West.  
13 As Children by their Father lov'd ;  
So they who fear his Name are blest.  
14 For He our Frailty knows, who must  
Return, from whence we came, to Dust.  
  
15 Man's Days are like a Flow'r or Grafts,  
Which smitten by the blasting Wind,  
16 Within an hour to nothing pass,  
Neither the Thing or Place we find.  
17 But all his Children, and their Race,  
His lasting Mercy shall embrace.  
  
18 For such as have obey'd his Will,  
Celestial Thrones He does prepare :  
19 Angels, who his Commands fulfil,  
20 Ye heavenly Hosts his Praise declare.  
21 Let all his Works his Power expres,  
22 And Thou, my Soul, thy Maker bless.

## P S A L M C I V.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, thy great Creator praise,  
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays :  
He in full Majesty appears,  
And like a Robe his Glory wears.  
  
2 The Skys are for his Curtains spread,  
3 Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed.  
The Clouds are his triumphant Char,  
The Winds his fleeing Coursers are.

- 4 Angels whom his own Breath inspires,  
His Ministers, are flaming Fires.
- 5 The Earth's Foundations by his Hand  
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand :
- 6 Cloth'd and invested with the Flood,  
Which once above the Mountains stood ;
- 7 But frightened by his Thunder fled,  
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.
- 8 And now those proud impetuous Waves,  
Ev'n from themselves receive their Graves :
- 9 Nor uncontrol'd can pass their Bound,  
But in their Channels walk their round.
- 10 Yet them some secret Veins convey  
To Hills, from whence thro Vales they stray.
- 11 Tame Heifers there their Thirst allay,  
And for the Stream wild Asses bray.
- 12 From pleasant Trees, which shade the Brink,  
The wing'd Musicians 'light to drink.

## P A R T II.

- 13 God from his cloudy Cistern pours  
On the parch'd Earth inriching Show'rs.
- 14 His Dew descending on the Hills,  
Both Man and Beast with Plenty fills.
- 15 To cheer our Hearts he gives us Wine ;  
And Oil to make our Faces shine.

- To make us strong, he gives us Bread ;  
 16 The Trees with pregnant Juice are fed.
- 17 To Birds, tall Cedars Shelter yield,  
 Where their high Marriage-Beds they build ;  
 18 The Stork on Firs ; on Mountains dwells  
 The Goat, there Coneys make their Cells.
- 19 He sets the Sun his double Race,  
 And gives the Moon her changing Face :  
 20 And when thick Darkness veils the Day,  
 Wild Beasts the Forest range for Prey.
- 21 Lions their Young then lead abroad,  
 And roaring ask their Meat from God ;  
 22 But when the Morning Sun does rise,  
 The Savage Beast to Covert flies.
- 23 Then Man to his Day-Labour goes,  
 And in the Evening takes repose.  
 24 How strange thy Works ! how great thy Skill !  
 Both which the Earth with Riches fill.
- 25 They fill the vast unfathom'd Deep,  
 Numberless Things there swim and creep ;  
 Still wandring in the Paths below,  
 26 Whilst Ships the swelling Surface plough.  
 'Tis there the vast *Leviathan*  
 His pastime takes in spite of Man.

## P A R T III.

- 27 All these with Expectation stand,  
Attending thy most liberal Hand :  
 28 From which they all receive such Food,  
As both to Thee and Them seems Good.
- 29 But when thy Face is hid, they mourn ;  
And dying, to their Dust return.  
 30 Thy Spirit the dispeopled Earth  
Fills with a new created Birth.
- 31 God's Glory shall for ever last,  
With his own Joy his Works are grac'd.  
 32 The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke,  
And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke.
- 33 Thy Praises shall my Breath employ,  
Till it expire in endless Joy.  
 34 My Meditations will prove sweet,  
If they thy kind Acceptance meet.
- 35 Then shall consuming Sinners fade  
To Dust, from whence they first were made :  
But I shall to my Lord and King  
Eternal *Hallelujahs* sing.

## P S A L M . C V.

- 1 GIVE Thanks to God, invoke his Name,  
To all the World his Deeds proclaim.
- 2 To praise his Wonders, Songs invent,  
Worthy that noble Argument.
- 3 With joyful Hearts the Lord adore,
- 4 And seek his Face for evermore.
- 5 Admire the Works his Hand did make,  
The Laws and Judgments which he spake;
- 6 Ye whose Descent from *Abraham* flows,  
Ye Sons of *Jacob* whom he chose.
- 7 He is the Lord our God, whose Law  
And Judgments keep the World in awe.
- 8 With them he did a Cov'nant draw,
- 9 And fix'd an everlasting Law:
- 10 He said, Their Seed he wou'd advance
- 11 To *Canaan*, their Inheritance.
- 12 When they but few in number were,
- 13 Both Sojourners and Strangers there:
- 14 Yet them from Wrongs he did protect,  
And for their sake great Monarchs checkt.
- 15 Said he, My Prophets I'll assure,  
And my Anointed make secure.

## P A R T II.

- 16 Then Famine in that Climate reign'd,  
That Staff he broke which Life sustain'd.  
 17 Now *Joseph* did his Brethren save,  
Whose Envy sold him for a Slave.  
  
 18 But when his Feet with Chains were lame,  
 19 To Him God's Word, to try him, came.  
 20 And at the Hour that was decreed,  
He by the King's Command was freed :  
  
 21 Who trusts Him with Affairs of State,  
Lord of his House does him create.  
 22 At his Command great Princes rise,  
And his Youth makes the Aged wife.  
  
 23 His Father then to *Egypt* came,  
And sojourn'd in the Land of *Ham*.  
 24 His Seed in Strength and Number grows,  
Till they in both exceed their Foes :  
 25 Whose Hearts now turn'd, God's People hate,  
And for his Servants lie in wait.

## P A R T III.

- 26 Then his Vicegerent *Moses* rose,  
And *Aaron* whom th' Almighty chose :  
 27 They came with greater Wonders arm'd,  
Than those which *Egypt* had alarm'd.  
 28 They

- 28 They summon Night to conquer Day,  
And their Commands the Clouds obey.
- 29 The Fish amaz'd now swim in Blood,  
And with their own increas'd the Flood.
- 30 Frogs from foul slime in millions spring,  
Who dance and croak before the King.
- 31 Then the corrupted Air supplys  
Numberless Troops of Lice and Flies.
- 32 Heaven for clear Light thick Lightning pours,  
And slaughtring Hail for quickning Show'rs.
- 33 Fig-Trees and Vines are kill'd with Frost,  
Their Fruits by Blasts and Tempests lost.
- 34 And what the Frosts and Tempests spare,  
Locusts and Caterpillars share;
- 35 The tender Grass, the Herb, the Flow'r,  
All Earth's Productions they devour.

## PART IV.

- 36 The Plague their Chiefs and First-born kill'd,  
And *Israel* with their Gold was fill'd.
- 37 Then loaden with *Egyptian* Wealth,  
They all depart in perfect Health.
- 38 *Egypt*'s Remains themselves did please,  
Deliver'd from such Guests as these.
- 39 O're them by Day a Cloud was spread,  
By Night a fiery Pillar led.

- 40 Now at their Call come Show'rs of Quails,  
And Heaven the Bread of Angels hails.  
 41 When with a Stroke the Rock he crush'd,  
Out of the Wound a River gush'd.  
  
 42 Then God his Cov'nant call'd to mind,  
Which he long since to Abr'ham sign'd.  
 43 Deliver'd thus from Servitude,  
In Rest their Travels they conclude.  
  
 44 And having all their Foes destroy'd,  
Their Labours and their Lands enjoy'd.  
 45 Then praise and magnify the Lord,  
And in your Hearts his Laws record.

## P S A L M C V I,

- 1 **W**ITH grateful Hearts *Jehovah* praise,  
Whose Mercy knows no bound :  
 2 His Acts to their just height to raise,  
What Language can be found ?  
 3 Them will our God for ever bleſs,  
Who his Commands obey :  
Who from the Paths of Righteousness  
By no Transgression stray.  
  
 4 With that kind Eye on me look down,  
Which on th' Elect does shine :  
 5 To me make thy Salvation known ;  
Let me, like them, be thine.

o We

- 6 We like our Fathers have rebel'd,  
Who all thy Works forgot:  
7 Wonders in *Egypt* they beheld,  
And then regarded not.

- 8 At the Red Sea they soon transgresst,  
This for their Way was dry'd:  
9 They walk'd as thro the Wilderness,  
10 And their proud Foes defy'd.  
11 But the returning Floods involv'd  
The King, and all his Train.  
Now they to turn to God resolv'd,  
13 But strait revolt again.

## PART II.

- 14 They lusting in the Wilderness,  
To tempt their Maker swerv'd.  
15 God fill'd their Bodys to excess,  
While their faint Souls were starv'd.  
16 Murm'ring at *Moses* high Commands,  
And *Aaron's* priestly Power,  
17 Proud *Dathan* and *Abiram's* Bands,  
Earth's greedy Jaws devour.  
  
18 These Rebels a destroying Storm  
Of Fire to Ashes turn'd:  
19 For they a Calf of Gold did form,  
And to it Incense burn'd.  
20 Instead of God they did adore  
An Ox, that Hay does eat.

21 Their

- 21 Their God and Saviour mind no more,  
But all his Works forget;
- 22 The Miracles in *Egypt* wrought,  
Which the Red Sea had seen.
- 23 To Ruin thus they had been brought,  
But *Moses* went between;  
God's Chosen in the Breach did stand,  
And them from Death repriev'd:
- 24 Yet they despis'd the promis'd Land,  
Nor what He said believ'd.

## PART III.

- 25 While murmur'ring in their Tents they stand,  
Nor God's strict Precept heed;
- 26 He rais'd up his destroying Hand
- 27 O're them and all their Seed:  
That thro' strange Lands they should be led,  
And in the Desart fall.
- 28 Yet bloody Off'rings of the Dead  
They ate, and worship'd *Baal*.
- 29 God's Anger their Designs provoke,
- 33 But zealous *Phineas* pray'd;  
The raging Plague's devouring Stroke  
His Execution stay'd.
- With the Offenders Blood his Sword  
Did expiate their Crimes:
- 31 His Holy Zeal we must record  
To all succeeding Times.

32 At

- 32 At Meribah they God defy'd ;  
 Who Moses, for their sake,  
 To see the promis'd Land, deny'd,  
 33 For the rash Words he spake.  
 34 The Nations they wou'd not destroy,  
 As God's Command had fix'd ;  
 35 But with them did their Lusts enjoy,  
 And with the Heathen mixt.

## P A R T IV.

- 36 Before the Gentile Gods they stood,  
 And Nature's Dictates broke :  
 37 Whilst with their Sons and Daughters Blood  
 The Devils Altars smoke.  
 38 While thus the Land with Blood they stain,  
 Blood of the Innocent ;  
 39 After their own Inventions vain,  
 They all a whoring went.  
 40 Then the fierce Anger of the Lord  
 Did against Israel flame ;  
 41 His People, when he them abhor'd,  
 The Heathens Slaves became.  
 42 By their insulting Foes oppress'd,  
 Their stiff Necks wear the Yoke :  
 43 Tho God had oft the Slaves releas'd,  
 Yet Him they still provoke.  
 44 But when Affliction made them mourn,  
 And Sorrow brought them low ;

45 He to his Mercy did return,  
And call'd to mind his Vow.

46 God those, who fetter'd them in Chains,  
To pity did reclaim:

47 He rally'd our disperst Remains,  
That we might praise his Name:

48 Let us his Grace and Power Divine,  
From Age to Age record:  
And all our *Hallelujahs* join,  
To magnify the Lord.

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The End of the Fourth Book of Psalms.

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# The Fifth Book of Psalms.

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## PSALM CVII.

1      **T**O God your Thanks and Praises give ;  
For by his Mercy, from the Hands  
2      Of cruel Foes redeem'd, you live,  
Assembl'd from remotest Lands.

3 From North and South, from East and West,  
Thro the vast Wilderness they stray :  
4 And found no Mansion where to rest,  
5 Nor Thirst or Hunger cou'd allay.

6 To God in their Distress they bow'd,  
Who then their wandring Steps did guide :  
7 And to the weary kindly shew'd  
A City, where they shou'd abide.

8 *O that our Praise cou'd equal be,*  
*To all the Mercys God has shown !*  
*And all the wondrous Works which He,*  
*For us, and for our Sons has done !*

9 Their

- 9 Their longing Soul no more complains,  
Their Hunger finds a full Supply :
- 10 Those are set free, who bound in Chains,  
In the dark Shades of Death did lie.
- 11 Yet they his Counsels did contemn,  
Against his just Commands rebel :
- 12 To Sorrow he did them condemn,  
Till they, where none cou'd help them, fell.
- 13 Distrest, to God again they seek,  
Who from Destruction them did save :
- 14 Their Chains he did asunder break,  
And kept them from the hungry Grave.
- 15 *O that our Praise might equal be  
To all the Wonders God has shown,  
To all the mighty Works which He  
For us, and for our Sons has done!*
- 16 He the strong brazen Gates did tear,  
And Iron Bars in pieces rent ;
- 17 Yet Fools in Folly persevere,  
And will not of their Crimes repent.
- 18 The Gates of Death were open'd wide,  
And they their wonted Food abhor'd :
- 19 Yet when to God the Lord they cry'd,  
He fav'd them with his healing Word.
- 20 Them from their Sorrows he did raise,  
And from their near Destruction spare :

- 21 Then sacrifice to him your Praise,  
And all his mighty Works declare.
- 22 O that your Praise may equal be  
To all the Mercys he has shown,  
To all the wondrous Works which He  
For you, and for your Sons has done!
- 23 Ships thro the raging Billows fly,  
Where Men expose their Lives for Gain;
- 24 There God's great Wonders they descry,  
Whose Hand conducts them thro the Main.
- 25 When God sends forth th' impetuous Gale,  
Seas to the Sky like Mountains swell:
- 26 Th' afrighted Sailors Spirits fail,  
Expecting their Descent to Hell.
- 27 On rolling Decks they reel and fall,  
Like Men opprest with Drunkenness:
- 28 But when to God for Help they call,  
He soon relieves them from Distress.
- 29 Then with the Storm their Terrors cease,  
And Seas with Seas no longer strive:
- 30 Securely in the Calms of Peace,  
They in their happy Port arrive.
- 31 O that our Praise might equal be  
To all the Mercys God has shown,  
To all the wondrous Works which He  
For us, and for our Sons has done!

- 32 The full Assembly God shall praise,  
The Elders shall his Power confess :
- 33 He the Earth's Thirst with Streams allays,  
And fruitful makes the Wilderness.
- 34 But when the Owner's Sins abound,  
Drought and salt Barrenness invade
- 35 Their Furrows ; then their fertile Ground  
A watry Wilderness is made.
- 36 Yet there again for those who want,  
The Lord an Habitation builds :
- 37 Where they shall joyful Vineyards plant,  
And reap glad Harvests from their Fields.
- 38 Their Childrens Children shall increase,  
Nor Man or Beast Disease shall know :
- 39 But if they sin, their Growth shall cease,  
And Punishment shall bring them low.
- 40 Princes cast out with Scorn, shall seek  
Their Mansion in the Wilderness :
- 41 God to their Place shall raise the Meek,  
And as his Flock their Off-spring bless.
- 42 This Truth the Just with Joy shall find,  
Iniquity her Mouth shall close :
- 43 These things they all shall bear in mind,  
On whom the heavenly Wisdom flows.

O that our Praise might equal be  
 To all the Mercys God has shewn,  
 To all the wondrous Works which He  
 For us, and for our Sons has done!

## P S A L M C VIII.

- 1 L ORD, on thy Praise my Heart is fixt;
- 2 Our Harps with Psalterys are mixt,  
 Before the dawning Light shall spring,  
 With Glory I thy Praise will sing:
- 3 The Voice shall be so round and clear,  
 That all the World the Sound shall hear,
- 4 Above the Heaven thy Mercy flys,  
 Thy Truth on Earth does reach the Skys.
- 5 O'er both thy Glory does disperse  
 Its Beams, and fills the Universe;
- 6 That thy Belov'd secure may stand,  
 Answer'd and sav'd by thy right Hand.
- 7 God by his Holiness did swear,  
 Now shall my Power with Joy appear:  
 Succoth and Sichem with a Line
- 8 I'll measure; Gilead shall be mine.

*Manasseh also Me shall know,  
 In Ephraim I my Strength will show:  
 And Judah shall pronounce my Law,  
 My Triumphs Palestine shall awe.*

- 9 Moab the Work of Slaves shall do,  
O'er Edom's Head I'll cast my Shoe.  
10 Who guides me to her guarded Town,  
That I may pluck her Bulwarks down?  
  
11 Are we abandon'd to our Foe?  
Nor wilt Thou with our Armys go?  
12 Lord help us, for Man's Help is vain;  
13 Thy Arm our Courage must sustain.

## P S A L M CIX.

- 1 GOD of my Praise, don't silent be,  
When wicked Mouths are open'd wide:  
2 With lying Tongues they slander me,  
Inclos'd with Hate on every side.  
  
3 They without Cause against me fight,  
4 And me, because I pray, they scorn:  
5 My Good with Evil they requite,  
And Hatred for my Love return.  
  
6 Some cruel Man, at whose right Hand  
Satan may stand, rule over them!  
7 And when they shall in Judgment stand,  
Let thy just Sentence them condemn!  
  
Their very Prayers shall Sin become.  
8 Few Days, and wretched may they see!  
9 Then shall Supplanters take their room,  
Their Wives distrest, and Widows be.

- 10 Their Children in the Wilderness  
 Shall beg their Bread ; of all their Toil  
 The Fruits a Stranger shall possess ; .  
 11 Th' Extortioner their Goods shall spoil.
- 12 No Man Compassion shall extend,  
 None pity their abandon'd Race.
- 13 Their Generation thus shall end,  
 That none shall know their Name or Place.
- 14 On God's Account shall still remain  
 Their Fathers Sins, by Men forgot : .
- 15 Nor their ungodly Mothers Stain,  
 Shall God from his Memorials blot.
- But from Earth's Face by him pursu'd,  
 Shall they and all their Seed depart ;
- 16 Who to the Poor no Mercy shew'd,  
 But sought to slay the broken Heart.
- 17 Cursing they lov'd, but Blessing loath'd ;  
 Therefore my Blessings ne'er shall know :
- 18 The Curse wherewith they shall be cloth'd,  
 Like Streams shall thro' their Bowels flow.
- 19 Like flaming Oil their Bones shall burn,  
 Curses like Girdles bind their Wast :
- 20 This Measure to my Foes return,  
 Who on my Soul Reproaches cast.
- 21 But for the Honour of thy Name,  
 Lord let thy Mercy come with Speed :

- 22 Free me from Poverty and Shame,  
For which my wounded Heart does bleed.
- 23 I like a Shadow am, that's past,  
Or Locust toss about with Wind:
- 24 My Knees grow weak, because I fast,  
And all my Flesh and Strength's declin'd.
- 25 I a Reproach to them was made,  
When they at me their Heads did shake:
- 26 My Lord, my God, O send me Aid,  
And save me for thy Mercy's sake!
- 27 Then shall they know 'twas done by Thee,  
When by their Curses I am blest.
- 28 Lord, mark my Foes with Infamy;  
29 And may Confusion them infest!
- 30 Then in th' Assembly I will stand,  
And sing thy Praise, whilst I enjoy
- 31 Th' Assistance of thy saving Hand,  
From those who wou'd my Soul destroy.

## P S A L M C X.

- 1 **T**HUS to my Lord th' Almighty spake,  
Sit on my right Hand till I make
- 2 Thy Foes thy Footstool; then the Wand  
Of Sion's Strength shall fill thy Hand.

- This like a Scepter thou shalt sway :  
 3 Thy Power the Nations shall obey.  
 Thy Beauty from the Morning's Womb,  
 With Dew of Holiness shall come.
- 4 God swore, his Oath He will not break,  
 Of th' Order of *Melchisedec*  
 A Priest for ever Thou shalt stand ;  
 5 Princes shall fall by thy right Hand.
- 6 God's Justice shall the Heathen wound,  
 Their Carcasses shall soil the Ground.  
 7 The Living Brook thy Thirst allays,  
 And God thy Head on high shall raise.

## P S A L M C X I:

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; my Voice his Praise  
 Shall in the great Assembly raze :  
 2 They who delight in them, have sought  
 To know the Wonders God has wrought.
- 3 Glory and Honour them attend,  
 And like his Goodness never end.  
 4 His Justice thro the World extends,  
 And yet his Mercy That transcends.
- 5 He, mindful of his Covenant,  
 Ne'er lets the Men that fear him want.  
 6 He, as his Word did him engage,  
 Gives them the Heathens Heritage.

7 Judg.

- 7 Judgment and Truth his Works secure,  
All his Commands are firm and sure ;  
8 Wrought by his true and upright Hand,  
For evermore, unmov'd, they stand.
- 9 His Cov'nant made with Jacob's Seed,  
*Israel* from *Egypt*'s Bondage freed.  
Holy and Rev'rend Him we call :
- 10 His Fear's the high Original,  
From whence the Springs of Wisdom rise ;  
Which Knowledg only makes us wise.

## P S A L M C X I I .

- 1 T H A T Man is blest who fears the Lord,  
And with Delight obeys his Word.
- 2 His Seed on Earth shall be increas'd  
In Might, his Generation blest.
- 3 His House with Riches shall abound,  
With Righteousness for ever crown'd.
- 4 Thro Darkness he shall see the Light,  
Because his Ways are just and right.
- 5 He with Compassion gives and lends,  
Discretion all his Works attends.
- 6 His House and Race shall ever last,  
So fixt they ne'er shall be displac'd.
- 7 No evil Tidings make him start,  
For He on God has fixt his Heart :

8 Nor

- 8 Nor shall he from his Foes retire,  
But have on them his own Desire.
- 9 Dispensing to the Poor he gives,  
His Righteousness for ever lives ;  
Honour his Horn shall highly raise.
- 10 On Him with Grief the Wicked gaze :  
Gnashing their Teeth they shall expire,  
And perish in their own Desire.

## PSALM CXIII.

- 1 YE Servants of the Lord, proclaim  
His Praise, and magnify his Name.
- 2 Blefs him as far as Time extends,
- 3 Or Sun his Course begins, or ends.
- 4 His Throne all other Thrones excels,
- 5 Above the Heavens his Glory dwells.
- 6 Yet He Humility puts on,  
To mark what Heaven and Earth have done.
- 7 He from the Dust the Poor sets high,  
And from the Dunghil hears their Cry :
- 8 The Humble to Promotion brings,  
And sets them in the Rank of Kings.
- 9 He quickens the unfruitful Womb,  
From whence a joyful Race shall come.

## PSALM CXIV.

- 1 WHEN *Israel* Egypt's Fetter brake,  
And Jacob's House, from those who spake  
A Tongue unknown, securely went;  
2 Then God in *Judah* pitch'd his Tent:

There did his Sanctuary stand,  
And *Israel* was *Jehovah's* Land.

- 3 When the Sea saw their March, it fled,  
And frightened *Jordan* hid his Head.

- 4 Then did the Mountains leap like Rams,  
And lesser Hills like little Lambs.

- 5 What ail'd the Sea, that swiftly fled?  
And why did *Jordan* hide his Head?

- 6 Why did the Mountains leap like Rams?  
And little Hillocks skip like Lambs?

- 7 Tremble and fear, both Sea and Land,  
When Jacob's God shall raise his Hand.

- 8 The flinty Rock his Stroke once felt,  
Into a liquid Lake did melt.

## PSALM CXV.

- 1 WE nothing, Lord, t'our selves assign;  
Mercy and Truth are only thine.  
2 Why say the Heathen, Where's your God?  
3 Above the Skys is his Abode.

Upon

- Upon his Will depends the State  
 4 Of Things: but Men their God create  
 5 Of Gold and Silver; Eyes and Ears  
 6 He has, but neither sees, nor hears.
- 7 Gods, whose clos'd Months nor eat, nor talk;  
 Their Hands and Feet nor work, nor walk;  
 Nor have their Nostrils Breath or Scent;  
 8 And such are they who them invent:  
 They're worse whose Hopes on them rely.
- 9 O *Israel*, trust in God most high!  
 10 *Aaron* on him his Hopes shall build;  
 11 And He shall be our Strength and Shield.
- 12 His Care of us He will express;  
*Aaron's* and *Israel's* House he'll bless.
- 13 Who fear the Lord, both Great and Small,  
 He certainly will bless them all.
- 14 All Blessings they and theirs partake,  
 15 From God, who Heaven and Earth did make.  
 16 He Heaven his sacred Mansion made,  
 His Earth to th' Sons of Men convey'd.
- 17 None of the Dead to God, nor they  
 Who sleep in silence, Thanks can pay;  
 18 But we, who shall for ever live,  
 Eternal Praise to Him will give.

## PSALM CXVI.

1 I Love the Lord, for me He hears,  
 2 And to my Voice inclines his Ears :  
 3 My Supplications shall attend,  
 4 My God, until my Days shall end.

5 Death's Sorrows did my Soul enfold,  
 The Pains of Hell on me took hold.  
 When in Distress I was enthral'd,  
 6 Then on the Name of God I call'd.

7 Deliver, Lord, my Soul, I cry'd !  
 8 Grace, Mercy, Truth with Thee abide.  
 9 His Love the Humble will advance :  
 He gave my Soul Deliverance.

10 And now, my Soul, return to Rest,  
 For thee God's Bounty has releas'd :  
 11 He set me free from Death and Fears,  
 My Feet from Falls, my Eyes from Tears.

12 I in the Land of Life shall walk,  
 Tho Anguish made me rashly talk :  
 13 I, as I then believ'd, did swear  
 In hast, That all Men Liars were.

14 Lord, what Return can I Thee make  
 For all thy Blessings ? I will take  
 The Cup of Blessing ; to Thee pray ;  
 15 And in th' Assembly's Sight will pay

## 174 P S A L M C XVII. C XVIII.

- 15 My solemn Vows. When Saints shall die,  
Their Blood is precious in God's Eye.  
16 Thy Servant, and thy Handmaid's Son  
Am I, whose Bands Thou hast undone.  
  
17 The solemn Vows which I have made,  
18 Before thy People shall be paid :  
19 In God's high Courts I'll render them  
I' th' midst of Thee, *Jerusalem*.

## P S A L M C XVII.

- 1 **T**O God let all the Nations raise  
Their chearful Voice, and sing his Praise.  
2 His Mercy and his Love are sure,  
His Truth for ever shall endure.  
His Kindness to us we'll record,  
And will for ever praise the Lord.

## P S A L M C XVIII.

- 1 **G**IVE Thanks to God, for He is Good,  
His Mercys have for ever stood.  
2 Let *Israe*l say, with *Aaron's* Seed,  
3 His Mercys shall all Time exceed.  
  
4 Let all who fear his Name declare,  
His Mercys everlasting are.  
5 At my Request He me discharg'd  
From Bondage, and my Feet enlarg'd.

6 When

- 6 When on my side He does appear,  
What Man can do, I need not fear :  
7 And when his Strength to mine He joins,  
On all my Foes I've my Designs.
- 8 Let God, not Man, thy Hopes sustain ;  
9 To his the Strength of Kings is vain.  
10 Tho me all Nations compass round,  
I, in his Name, shall them confound.
- 11 Tho they like Swarms of Bees conspir'd  
Against me ; yet as Thorns, when fir'd,  
12 Quench'd in a moment lose their Flame,  
They fell, destroy'd by God's great Name.
- 13 In vain at me with Violence  
They thrust, for God was my Defence.  
14 The Lord is now my Help and Song,  
And his Salvation makes me strong.
- 15 The Just triumphantly shall sing  
The Pow'r and Strength of God our King.  
16 The Lord's Right Hand's exalted high,  
The Lord's Right Hand does valiantly.

## P A R T II.

- 17 I shall not die, but live to sing  
The Triumphs of the Lord our King,  
18 For tho his Chastisements were sore,  
Yet me from Death he did restore.

- 19 Open to me the Temple's Gate,  
That I his Name may celebrate.
- 20 The Just shall enter here, and bring  
To God a pious Offering.
- 21 I'll praise the Lord, for now I know  
From Him shall my Salvation flow.
- 22 The Fabrick by that Stone is born,  
Which the first Architects did scorn.
- 23 This Corner-Stone his Hand has plac'd;  
And with mysterious Figures grac'd:
- 24 This Day the Lord, by his own Choice,  
Has made, which makes the World rejoice.
- 25 Lord, let us thy Salvation see;  
Prosperity we beg from Thee.
- 26 How blest is He, who in the Name  
Of God, and from his Mansion came.
- 27 The Lord's clear Light on us has shin'd;  
The Sacrifice with Cords we'll bind  
To th' Altar's Horns, where it shall flame;  
And there we will exalt his Name.
- 28 Our Thanks thy Goodness shall declare,
- 29 And Mercys, which eternal are.

## PSALM CXIX.

## ALEPH.

- 1 BLEST are the Undefil'd, for they  
Have made the Law of God their Way.  
2 Blest are the Men who ne'er depart,  
But keep his Statutes with their Heart ;  
3 Who walk his Ways without Offence,  
4 And keep his Laws with Diligence.  
5 O ! cou'd I by thy Rules direct  
6 My Paths, no Shame shou'd me deject.  
7 I'll praise Thee with an upright Mind,  
When, seeking, I thy Judgments find.  
8 When I my Guide thy Statutes make,  
O Lord, thy Servant ne'er forsake !

## BETH.

- 9 How shall I cleanse my Ways of Youth ?  
I'll search thy Word to find the Truth.  
10 And having sought it, let my Heart  
No more from thy Commands depart !  
11 There treasur'd up thy Word has been,  
That against Thee I might not sin.  
12 And when to me thy Judgments are  
13 Reveal'd, my Lips shall them declare.

- 14 When I am once posseſt of them,  
All other Treasures I'll contemn.  
15 Thy Ways before my Eyes I'll ſet,  
16 Lef t I thy Precepts ſhou'd forget.

## G I M E L .

- 17 Thy Bounty, Lord, to me afford!  
That living I may keep thy Word:  
18 And give me ſuch enlighten'd Eyes,  
As may discern thy Mysterys.  
  
19 To me, who like a Pilgrim range,  
Lord, let not thy Commands be ſtrange!  
20 For them my Soul does long and thirſt;  
21 The Proud Thou haſt rebuk'd and curſt,  
  
22 Because they err. From me remove  
Contempt, for I thy Statutes love:  
23 To them for Counsel I retire,  
24 When Kings againſt my Life conſpire.

## D A L E T H .

- 25 My Soul, which to the Dust does cleave,  
Shall from thy Word new Life receive.  
26 To Thee my Ways I did reveal;  
Do not from me thy Laws conceal.  
  
27 When taught, thy Wonders I'll exprefs;  
My Soul is funk in Heavineſſ.  
28 Lord,

- 28 Lord, by thy Precepts quicken me,  
 29 And from the Ways of Lyars free.  
 30 Thy Ways, thy Truth, thy Works, thy Name  
 31 I seek ; Lord, put me not to Shame.  
 32 From thy Commands I'll not depart,  
 When Thou wilt please t' inlarge my Heart.

## H E.

- 33 If Thou to me thy Statutes shew,  
 I to the end will them pursue.  
 34 The Knowledg of thy Laws impart  
 To me, and they shall guide my Heart.  
 35 In thy Commandments set me right,  
 In them I place my whole Delight.  
 36 I love thy Laws ; let not their Price  
 Grow less by sordid Avarice.  
 37 My Eyes from Vanity secure,  
 38 Then shall thy Word to me stand sure :  
 39 And from Reproaches set me clear,  
 Who am devoted to thy Fear.  
 40 After thy Righteousness I long :  
 Lord, may thy Mercy make me strong !

## V A U.

- 41 Thy saving Mercy, Lord, afford  
 To me, according to thy Word.  
 42 And when I may on that rely,  
 I to my Foes shall make Reply.

- 43 Grant that from Truth I may not swerve,  
 44 For all thy Judgments I observe :  
 45 Then I at Liberty will walk,  
 46 And, free from Shame, to Kings will talk.

- 47 Thy Testimonys I'll declare,  
     For my Delight thy Precepts are.  
 48 My Hands on thy Commands shall wait,  
     And on thy Laws I'll meditate.

## Z A I N .

- 49 O Lord, thy Promise ne'er forget,  
     Whereon thy Servant's Hopes are set;  
 50 Thy Word has kept my Soul alive,  
     And from Destruction did revive.

- 51 The Proud in Scorn and Lyes are join'd,  
     Yet have not I thy Laws declin'd.  
 52 Their old Remembrance made me strong;  
 53 And when a Pilgrim, were my Song.

- 54 Horror consumes my Heart, because  
     My Enemys forsake thy Laws ;  
 55 Which I remember when I sleep,  
 56 Because I wou'd thy Statutes keep.

## C H E T H .

- 57 Since Thou, O Lord, my Portion art,  
     I cannot from thy Word depart.

58 With

58 With Tears thy Mercy I implor'd,  
According to thy faithful Word.

59 When I my Wandrings call'd to mind,  
Resolv'd again thy Ways to find ;  
60 Thy Laws I hasted to obey,  
61 Tho me the Wicked made their Prey.

62 My Midnight Vows I'll make ; Who Thee  
63 Adore, shall my Companions be.  
64 The Earth, O Lord, thy Mercys fill ;  
Then teach me to observe thy Will.

## T E T H.

65 Thou with thy Servant, O my Lord,  
Dealst well, according to thy Word.  
66 Judgment and Knowldg to me give,  
For thy Commandments I believe.

Lord, I believe ! believing, melt :  
67 Till thy afflicting Hand I felt,  
I vainly from thy Precepts stray'd,  
68 But since have faithfully obey'd.

69 Yet those, whose Hearts are swel'd with Pride,  
70 And fat as Grease, have me bely'd ;  
Yet have I not thy Laws transgresst :  
71 By suff'ring, Lord, I have been blest.  
72 This made me on thy Word take hold,  
Dearer to me than purest Gold.

## JOD.

73 Since I was fashion'd by thy Hand,  
Make me thy Statutes understand.

74 By those who fear Thee I shall be  
Accepted, when I trust in Thee.

75 I stood convinc'd, and knew thy Law  
Was just, when I Affliction saw.

76 Now, Lord, to me such Comfort give,  
77 That by thy Mercys I may live.

78 Great Pleasure from thy Law I felt ;  
But let the Proud be sham'd, who dealt  
With me perversly without Cause,  
While I still meditate thy Laws.

79 Let those who fear Thee, own my Cause,  
Those who have known thy righteous Laws.  
80 When in thy Word my Heart is sound,  
Nothing shall e'er my Hope confound.

## CAPH.

81 My Soul, which knows and feels its want,  
Does after thy Salvation pant.

82 Thy Word for Tears my Eyes can't see ;  
When wilt Thou come and comfort me ?

83 Tho like a Bladder dry'd by Fire,  
I to observe thy Laws aspire :

84 How many Days, O Lord, are past,  
And yet my Persecutions last !

- 85 Pits are dig'd for me by the Proud,  
Which is not by thy Law allow'd.  
86 Tho thy Commands are just and true,  
Yet wrongfully they me pursue.  
87 I, tho consum'd on Earth, by Thee  
88 Quicken'd, thy Love and Grace shall see.

## L A M E D.

- 89 Thy Word in Heav'n, Lord, stands secure,  
90 Thy Faithfulness abides as sure  
As Earth's Foundation; by thy Hand  
91 Establish'd, it shall ever stand.  
  
92 Me my Afflictions had destroy'd,  
But I thy Law's Support enjoy'd.  
93 Thy Precepts I will not forget,  
94 For they have me in Safety set.  
  
95 The Wicked had prepar'd my Grave,  
But me thy Testimonys save.  
96 All things their Imperfections share,  
But thy Commands most perfect are.

## M E M.

- 97 Thy Laws, O Lord, are my Delight,  
My Meditation Day and Night;  
98 Because I never them forsake,  
Me wiser than my Foes they make.

- 99 They to such Knowldg me conduct,  
That I my Teachers can instruct.  
100 My Understanding's rais'd so high,  
The Aged know much less than I.
- 101 For Thou to me thy Ways hast taught,  
102 Because I have thy Judgments sought.  
103 Thy Word my Taste with Sweetness fills,  
Such as from Honey-Combs distils.  
104 Thence Understanding I receive,  
And all false Ways I hate and leave.

## N u n.

- 105 Thy Word illuminates my Path :  
106 I swore, nor will I break my Faith,  
That all thy Statutes I wou'd keep,  
107 Tho my afflicting Wounds are deep.
- 108 Me with thy quickning Voice revive,  
My Free-will Off'rings, Lord, receive :  
109 My Soul is always in my Hand,  
Yet I forget not thy Command.
- 110 For me the Wicked Snares have laid,  
Yet from thy Paths I have not stray'd.  
111 Thy Testament on me descends,  
An Heritage which never ends :  
112 This has my joyful Heart inclin'd,  
Ever to bear thy Laws in mind.

S A M E C H .

## SAMECH.

- 113 Vain Thoughts I utterly detest,  
For on my Heart thy Law's imprest.  
114 Thou art my hiding Place, my Shield ;  
Thy Word has all my Hopes upheld.  
  
115 Ye Wicked, from my Sight away,  
For I will God's Commands obey.  
116 To me thy saving Hand extend,  
Lest I in Shame my Hopes shou'd end.  
  
117 I'm safe when Thou dost me support,  
And to thy Statutes I'll resort.  
118 Deceivers in their Frauds at last  
119 Are seiz'd, and out, like Drofs, are cast.  
120 Lord, in thy Statutes I delight,  
And yet thy Judgments me a fright.

## AIN.

- 121 Tho Judgment I with Justice use,  
Yet the Oppressor me pursues.  
122 Thy Servant from the Proud protect ;  
123 Thy Grace my failing Eyes expect.  
  
124 Thy Mercy to thy Servant reach,  
And Him thy Statutes always teach.  
125 Give me a Heart to understand,  
To know, and follow thy Command.

- 126 'Tis Time for Thee to plead thy Cause,  
When Men, O Lord, make void thy Laws.  
127 But I like Gold thy Statutes prize,  
128 And therefore hate Deceit and Lyes.

## P E.

- 129 God's Testimonys wondrous are,  
Therefore to them, my Soul, repair.  
130 Their Entrance to the Blind gives Light;  
O what is then their inward Sight !
- 131 Lo ! thro my Jaws, my panting Tongue  
Does for thy righteous Statutes long.  
132 Lord, let thy Mercy be the same  
To me, as those who fear thy Name.
- 133 Order my Steps, that I may be  
134 From Sin and Man's Oppression free.  
Then thy Commandments I shall learn,  
135 And thy bright Face with Joy discern.  
136 Rivers of Tears my Eyes o'erflow,  
Because thy Law Men will not know.

## T S A D D I.

- 137 Truth in thy Judgments, thy Commands,  
138 And all thy Testimonys stands.  
139 With Zeal I am consum'd, because  
My Enemys forget thy Laws.

140 But

- 140 But since thy Word is pure and bright,  
It is thy Servant's chief Delight.  
141 Tho low, forsaken, and despis'd,  
142 Still thy high Precepts I have priz'd.

- 143 Yet tho thy Laws are just and true,  
Horror and Anguish me pursue.  
144 To me right Understanding give,  
That I in Righteousness may live.

## K O P H.

- 145 With my whole Heart to Thee I cry'd,  
146 That in thy Laws I might abide.  
147 My Eyes, which are not clos'd by Night,  
148 With Tears prevent the Morning-Light,

Still meditating on thy Word.

- 149 In Kindness hear my Voice, O Lord,  
According to thy Judgment give  
Thy Answer, and my Soul shall live.

- 150 Near me the Sons of Mischief are,  
Who from thy righteous Law stand far.  
151 But Thou, O Lord; art near, and we  
The Truth of all thy Precepts see:  
152 These Thou didst give to Ages past,  
Ordaining they shou'd ever last.

## R E S H.

## R E S H.

- 153 Lord, since I don't forget thy Laws;  
 154 Not only judg, but plead my Cause.  
 155 Salvation is from them remov'd,  
     Who nor thy Statutes knew, nor lov'd.

- 156 Great are thy tender Mercys, Lord ;  
     Heal me according to thy Word.  
 157 My Enemys are numberless ;  
     Thy Law, not I, but they transgress.

- 158 Since they thy Word have not believ'd,  
     For their Transgressions I am griev'd.  
 159 Thy Testimonys I approve,  
     Let me behold thy saving Love !  
 160 Thy Judgment's in all Ages sure,  
     Thy Word for ever shall endure.

## S C H I N.

- 161 Princes assault me without Cause,  
     But my aw'd Heart obeys thy Laws.  
 162 These, as great Spoils with Joy surprize,  
 163 Transport my Soul, which nauseates Lyes.  
  
 164 I love thy Law ; seven times a Day  
     My Praise I to thy Judgments pay.  
 165 Those who observe them, Peace attends ;  
     No Danger their blest State offends.

166 Living

- 166 Living as thy Commands direct,  
Salvation I with Hope expect.  
167 My Soul thy Laws has kept and lov'd,  
168 And hopes her Ways Thou hast approv'd.

## T A U.

- 169 Give Audience to my Crys, O Lord,  
That I may understand thy Word.  
170 May my Requests accepted be !  
Then shall thy Promise set me free.  
  
171 My Lips thy Praises shall record,  
When Thou hast taught my Soul thy Word.  
172 My Tongue thy Statutes shall express,  
For thy Commands are Righteousness.  
  
173 May thy Hand help and make me strong !  
174 I still for thy Salvation long.  
175 I'll praise Thee while my Soul shall live,  
To her thy Judgments Life shall give.  
176 Lord, seek me ! tho like some lost Sheep  
I've stray'd, for thy Commands I'll keep.

## PSALM CXX.

- 1 **W**HEN in my sad Distress I cry'd  
To God, my Prayer was not deny'd.  
2 O Lord, preserve me from the Wrongs  
Of lying Lips, and treach'rous Tongues.

3 Lord,

190      P S A L M   CXXI. CXXII.

- 3 Lord, give them their Desert and Hire,
- 4 Sharp Arrows and consuming Fire.
- 5 Oh ! why shou'd I in *Mesech* dwell,  
And in the Tents of *Ishmael* ?
- 6 When I seek Peace, they are so far
- 7 From this, they all declare for War.

P S A L M   CXXI.

- 1 **T**O those blest Hills my Eyes I'll raise,  
From whence the Lord my Help conveys :
- 2 From that Hand my Redemption came,  
Which both the Heaven and Earth did frame.
- 3 My sliding Feet from Falls he keeps ;  
That God, who guards me, never sleeps.
- 4 Who *Israel* guards, awake does stand ;
- 5 The Lord's thy Shade on thy Right Hand.
- 6 Thee nor the Sun by Day shall smite,  
Nor Thhee the Moon shall blast by Night.
- 7 Both going out, and coming in,  
The Lord shall Thee preserve from Sin :
- 8 From this time forth, for ever He  
The Guardian of thy Soul shall be.

P S A L M   CXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I was desir'd to pass  
Into thy House, how pleas'd I was !
- 2 *Jerusalem* ! within thy Gate,  
Oh sacred Place ! our Feet shall wait.

3 Thy

- 3 Thy Fabrick's Figure's so exact,  
Within it self it stands compact.  
4 Thither all *Isræl*'s Tribes are gone,  
The Tribes which God himself does own:

His Testimonys to record,  
And pay their Duty to their Lord.  
5 On several Thrones the Princes sat;  
These were for Justice, those for State.

O pray for our *Jerusalem*!  
Whoe'er bless her, God blesses them.  
May Peace thy happy Walls possess,  
And Plenty crown thy Palaces!

- 8 For their own sake, I hope, in Thee  
My Friends and Brethren Peace shall see.  
9 Since God in Thee vouchsafes to dwell,  
I'll seek thy Good, O *Isræl*.

## P S A L M CXXIII.

- 1 I Wait on God, who dwells on high:  
2 As Servants their Lord's Hand attend,  
As Hand-maids watch their Mistress Eye,  
So on thy Mercys I depend.

- 3 O pity me! for in Contempt  
4 And Scorn my Soul dejected lies:  
And those who are from Law exempt,  
With Pride my low Estate despise.

## PSALM CXXIV.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord stood on our side,  
May joyful *Israel* say,
- 2 When us our numerous Foes defy'd ;
- 3 Their Troops had won the Day :
- 4 We had been swallow'd by the Waves ;
- 5 The Deeps had been our Graves.
- 6 The Lord be prais'd, who made our way :  
As Nets for Birds are spread,
- 7 We from our Foes, design'd for Prey,  
Their Snare discover'd, fled.
- 8 Thy Name, O Lord, did bring us Aid,  
Who Heaven and Earth hast made.

*Another Metre.*

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord maintain'd our side,  
With Joy might *Israel* cry ;
- 2 When us our Enemys defy'd,  
Had not the Lord stood by :
- 3 We had been swallow'd quick, their Blood  
Such Flames of Rage did warm :
- 4 Our Souls o'rewhelm'd with th' roaring Flood,
- 5 Had perish'd in the Storm.
- 6 Blest be the Lord, who wou'd not let  
Our Lives become their Prey :
- 7 As Birds, which from the Fowler's Net  
Escaping, fly away,

My

My Soul thro their disorder'd Bands,  
Has made a fair Escape.

3 Our Help is from the Lord, whose Hands  
Gave Heaven and Earth their Shape.

## P S A L M CXXV.

1 **A**S Sion firmly keeps her ground,  
2 As Hills *Jerusalem* surround:  
So God for ever will enclose  
Such as in Him their Trust repose.

3 The Wicked's Rod not long shall rest  
On Lots by righteous Men possest:  
Lest tempted thus, the Just shou'd be  
Their Partners in Iniquity.

4 Thy Blessing therefore, Lord, impart,  
To such who are upright in Heart;  
5 Whilst those, who having lost their Way,  
Aside in crooked By-paths stray.  
With wicked Workers they shall dwell,  
But Peace shall be on *Israel*.

## P S A L M CXXVI.

1 **W**HEN God from Bondage did redeem  
*Sion*, we look'd like them that dream.  
2 Then was our Mouths with Laughter fill'd,  
And joyful Songs our Tongues did yield.

- 3 The Heathen then admiring stood,  
To see our God so great, so good.  
4 Turn back our Bondage, as before  
Thou didst the Sea on *Egypt's* Shore.  
  
5 They who in Tears their Seed shall sow,  
With Gladness shall their Harvest mow;  
6 Seed, which the Dew of Heaven receives,  
The Reaper fills with joyful Sheaves.

## P S A L M CXXVII.

- 1 **M**AN a new *Babel* does erect,  
Where God is not the Architect.  
In vain the Watchman breaks his Sleep,  
Unless the Lord the City keep.  
  
2 In vain we rise before the Light,  
And lose the soft Repose of Night:  
Fed with the Bread of Care we live,  
But God to His sweet Rest does give.  
  
3 He sends his Blessings from above,  
On the chast Fruits of Nuptial Love:  
4 Like Arrows from a Giant's Bow,  
Sons shall destroy their Father's Foe.  
5 Whose Quiver can such Shafts supply,  
May in the Gate his Foe defy.

## P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **B**LEST is the Man who God does fear,  
And in his Ways his Course does steer :
- 2 He with Content shall safely eat  
The Fruits of his industrious Sweat.
- 3 His Wife a fruitful Vine shall be ;  
Like Plants of the fair Olive-Tree,  
Children his Table shall surround :
- 4 Who fears God thus, with Bliss is crown'd.
- 5 Blest out of *Sion* he shall be,  
Good in *Jerusalem* shall see ;
- 6 To Childrens Children shall increase,  
And *Israel* shall behold in Peace.

## P S A L M CXXIX.

- 1 **H**OW oft e'en from my Youth have they  
Afflicted me ? may *Israel* say :
- 2 And with their bold Attempts assail'd  
My Infancy, yet not prevail'd ?
- 3 And as the Plough the Earth has torn,  
Long Furrows on my Back have worn ?
- 4 Yet me my God did not forsake,  
But all their Cords asunder brake.
- 5 May they the same Confusion find,  
Which they for *Sion* had design'd !

## 196 PSALM CXXX. CXXXI.

- 6 Wither'd, before the Harvest falls,  
As Corn on Houses Tops or Walls :
- 7 Which, if the Reaper binds in Sheaves,  
His Hand the empty Ear deceives.
- 8 No Lookers on their Labour blefs,  
Nor say, God send you good Success.

## PSALM CXXX.

- 1 OUT of the Deep to Thee I cry ;  
2 Lord, let thy Ear my Voice attend.
- 3 If thy severe all-searching Eye  
Shou'd mark how often we offend,  
Who at thy Bar wou'd dare t' appear ?
- 4 But Mercy Thou hast join'd with Fear.
- 5 My Soul has waited on thy Word,  
6 More than the Watchman for the Sun :
- 7 Let *Israel* trust in God their Lord,  
From whom such Streams of Mercy run,
- 8 As shall redeem his *Israel*  
From all his Sins, from Death and Hell.

## PSALM CXXXI.

- 1 NEITHER my Heart, O Lord, nor Eye,  
Affects or aims at things too high :
- 2 Meekly have I my self demean'd,  
I'm quiet like a Child that's wean'd.
- 3 Let *Israel's* Hopes on Thee depend,  
O Lord, till Time it self shall end.

+

PSALM

## PSALM CXXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD, *David's* Troubles call to mind,  
 2 Who with a Vow himself did bind,  
 3 Not in his House to take Repose,  
 4 Nor in his Bed his Eye-lids close;
- 5 Till he shou'd find a fair Abode,  
   Worthy of *Jacob's* mighty God.
- 6 Thy Ark at *Ephrata* once stood,  
   Now in the Field, now in the Wood.
- 7 But in thy Tabernacle now,  
   Before thy Foot-stool we will bow:
- 8 On *Sion's* Hill thy Ark shall rest,  
   A Place with thy own Presence blest.
- 9 Thy Priests with Right'ousness are clad,  
   And thy triumphing Saints are glad.
- 10 For thy Anointed *David's* sake,  
 11 Perform the Oath thy self did make;
- That Thou on *Judah's* Throne wou'dst place  
 A long Succession of his Race:
- 12 That they, observing thy Command,  
   Their Throne, like thine, shou'd ever stand.
- 13 *Sion's* the Mansion I have chose,  
 14 Wherein my self I will repose:  
 15 My Blessing shall her Stores supply,  
   Her Poor for Bread shall never cry.

## 198 PSALM CXXXIII. CXXXIV.

- 16 Her Priests shall my Salvation bring,  
The Quire of Saints my Glory sing.
- 17 There I'll exalt King *David's* Horn,  
And with my Oil his Lamp shall burn:
- 18 His Enemys with Shame o'erthrown,  
Triumphant Wreaths his Head shall crown.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

- 1 BEHOLD the chief of Man's Delights,  
Where Brethren mutual Love unites !
- 2 Sweet as the Ointment which was shed  
By Sacred Hands on *Aaron's* Head ;  
  
When from his Face and Beard it fell.  
Of rich Perfume his Garments smell,
- 3 Fresh as the Dew which on the Hills,  
*Sion* and *Hermon*, God distils.  
In which Celestial Drops descend  
Blessings, and Life which never end.

## PSALM CXXXIV.

- 1 TO Heaven your glad Devotion send,  
Who in God's House by Night attend.
- 2 With lifted Hands your Songs address :  
On Him with your high Praises wait,
- 3 Who did both Heaven and Earth create ;  
And you from *Sion* he will bless.

## P S A L M CXXXV.

- <sup>1</sup> O Praise the Lord ; Praise to his Name  
Ye Servants of the Lord proclaim !
- <sup>2</sup> You who inhabit his Abode,  
And stand within the Courts of God ;
- <sup>3</sup> Praise ye the Lord, his Goodness sing :  
Praise is to Heaven a pleasing Thing.
- <sup>4</sup> Jacob he chose ; and Israel's Race  
In his own Treasury did place.
- <sup>5</sup> You know the Lord's Almighty Powers ;  
Above all other Gods is ours.
- <sup>6</sup> He acts, whatever Him does please,  
In Heaven, in Earth, in deepest Seas.
- <sup>7</sup> He calls up Vapours from the Earth,  
His Lightnings to the Rain give Birth :  
When from his Treasures Blasts he brought,
- <sup>8</sup> Egypt's First-born, Man, Beast, he smote.
- <sup>9</sup> Pharaoh, and his unnumber'd Host,  
Were by his Signs and Wonders lost.
- <sup>10</sup> Great Princes, Sihon th' Amorite,
- <sup>11</sup> Og, Bashan's King, the Lord did smite.
- <sup>12</sup> Then all the Realms of Canaan fell  
An Heritage to Israel.

13 God's glorious Name we will adore,  
Till Time it self shall be no more.

14 When God as Judg himself presents,  
His Anger to his own relents.

15 The Heathen Idols, which, of Gold  
And Silver, Men for Gods do mold ;

16 Tho they have Mouths, and Eye, and Ear,

17 Can neither speak, nor see, nor hear ;  
Nor do their Nostrils draw the Air :

18 Their Makers too like them shall fare ;

Both shall alike dissolve to Dust,  
And so shall all who in them trust.

19 Bless God, O House of *Israel*,  
All you that in Mount *Sion* dwell.

20 Blessings let *Aaron*'s House ascribe  
To God ! And bless him *Levi*'s Tribe !

O bless the Lord all who him fear,

21 Blessings from *Sion* let him hear !

Praise thou the Lord, O *Israel*,  
The Lord who does in *Salem* dwell !

## P S A L M CXXXVI.

- <sup>1</sup> GIVE Thanks to God, the Holy One ;  
<sup>2</sup> Give Thanks to God who reigns alone :  
*His Mercy is for ever sure,*  
*And shall from Age to Age endure.*
- <sup>3</sup> Give Thanks to God, of Kings the King,  
<sup>4</sup> From whom great Wonders only spring :  
*His Mercy is for ever sure,*  
*And shall from Age to Age endure.*
- <sup>5</sup> The Heav'ns his Pow'r and Wisdom made ;  
<sup>6</sup> Out of the Deep the Earth he weigh'd.  
*His Mercy is for ever sure,*  
*And shall from Age to Age endure.*
- <sup>7</sup> He form'd the Sun; whose Beams survey  
<sup>8</sup> The World ; and did create the Day :  
*His Mercy is for ever sure,*  
*And shall from Age to Age endure.*
- <sup>9</sup> The Moon, with her attending Train  
 Of meaner Lights, o'er Night to reign.  
*His Mercy is for ever sure,*  
*And shall from Age to Age endure.*
- <sup>10</sup> He the Firstborn of *Egypt* smote,  
<sup>11</sup> And from among them *Israel* brought :

*His*

*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

12 By his strong Arm and mighty Hand;

13 The Waves like Walls divided stand:

*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

14 Israel past safe on the firm Ground,

15 While Pharaoh and his Hosts were drown'd:

*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

16 God thro the Desart *Israel* led;

17 18 Kings, who oppos'd them, fell, or fled:

*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

19 He *Sihon* King of th' *Amorites*,

20 And *Og* the King of *Bashan* smites:

*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

21 Their Heritage to *Israel*,

22 As their own Patrimony, fell:

*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

23 When we were lost in low Esteem,

24 His saving Hand did us redeem:

*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

- 25 All Creatures on his Bounty live,  
Therefore to Him all Praises give:  
*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

- 26 Give Thanks to God the Holy One,  
To God who reigns in Heaven alone :  
*His Mercy is for ever sure,  
And shall from Age to Age endure.*

## P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1 **W**HEN on *Euphrates* Banks we fate,  
Deploring *Sion's* doleful State;  
2 Our Harps, to which we lately sang,  
Mute as our selves, on Willows hang.

- 3 Our Sadness thus our Spoiler jeers :  
“ Change into Mirth your Sighs and Tears ;  
“ And give us with your Hands and Tongues,  
“ One of your pleasant Hebrew Songs.”

- 4 Oh ! how can we our Airs compose,  
And sing of God amongst his Foes !  
5 When I forget his Sacred Hill,  
May my right Hand forget her Skill !

6 When

- 6 When I shall thy Remembrance leave,  
 My Tongue to her dry Roof shall cleave ;  
 All other Joys I shall contemn,  
 Calling to mind *Jerusalem*.
- 7 Remember *Edom's* Childrens Pride,  
 Who in the Sack of *Salem* cry'd :  
 “ *Salem* and her Foundations rase,  
 “ That none may know her Name or Place.”
- 8 Daughter of *Babel*, whose high Tow'rs  
 Shall shortly lie as low as ours ;  
 Happy who shall to Thee repay  
 Those Measures Thou to Us didst weigh !
- 9 Happy who breaks thy Childrens Bones,  
 Dashing their Brains against the Stones.

## P S A L M CXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HY mighty Name, O Lord, before  
 All other Gods, I will implore !
- 2 And waiting at thy Temple-Door,  
 I'll praise thy Name, thy Truth, thy Love,  
 Which in the highest Orb, above  
 All that thou hast created, move.
- 3 When my Soul cry'd, thy Love appear'd ;
- 4 Thou by All Princes shalt be fear'd,  
 For they thy mighty Voice have heard.
- 5 They from thy Word shall learn thy Ways,  
 And in thy House thy Name shall praise,
- 6 Who High thy self, the Low dost raise !

- On Pride his scornful Frowns God throws.  
 7 When Trouble did my Soul enclose,  
     His Hand redeem'd me from my Foes.  
 8 His faithful Mercy perfect makes,  
     What by his Word he undertakes ;  
     Nor, whom his Hands have made, forsakes.

## P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 L ORD, thou my Ways haft searcht and known,  
 2 My Rising up, my Sitting down ;  
 3 To thee are my Conceptions brought,  
     E'er they are form'd into a Thought.  
 4 My idle Words thou dost condemn,  
     Before my Lips have fashion'd them ;  
 5 On every Part thy Hand's impos'd ;  
     Behind, before, has me inclos'd.  
 6 Such Knowldg is for me too High ;  
 7 From thee O whither shall I fly !  
 8 If up to Heaven, Thou there dost dwell ;  
     And if my Bed I lay in Hell,  
         I shou'd not scape thy piercing Eye.  
 9 If on the Morning's Wings I fly,  
     Or th' Ocean's untrac'd Paths shou'd tread ;  
 10 With thy right Hand I shou'd be led.  
 11 If I my Head in Night involve,  
     Thy Light the Darkness wou'd dissolve ;

12 Ev'n Day and Night are but one Name,  
For both to Thee appear the same.

13 Nor Reins nor Heart cou'd Thee escape,  
Thou in the Womb my Form didst shape ;

14 So marvelously I was made,  
E'en of my self I stand afraid.

For this, my Soul, which knows so well  
Thy wondrous Works, thy Praise shall tell.  
15 My Substance was by Thee survey'd,  
When it was first in secret made.

16 Thy Hand did free, with curious Art,  
From Imperfection every Part ;  
And ev'ry Member, which had yet  
No Being, in thy Book was writ.

At last, to shew whose Hand it was,  
GOD stampt HIS Image on the Mass.  
17 O how thy Thoughts my Soul delight !  
The Summ of them is Infinite.

When I to number them wou'd try,  
I find they all Accounts outv'y ;  
18 I sooner might the Sands explore,  
That lie upon the Ocean's Shore :

Yet they my early Thoughts employ.  
19 Lord, Thou the Wicked wilt destroy ;  
20 Such as blaspheme, and thirst for Blood,  
And those whose Counsels thine withheld.

- 21 I hated to the last degree  
 22 All those, O God, who hated Thee.  
 23 Search all my Thoughts ; and if they stray  
 24 From Thee, be Thou their Guide and Way.

## P S A L M CXL.

- 1 L ORD, me from Violence protect,  
     And save me from the evil Sect,  
 2 Who Mischief in their Hearts project.  
     They on continual Wars are set,  
 3 Like Adders their sharp Tongues they whet;  
     The Proud for me have spread their Net,  
  
     They wou'd ensnare me as they go.  
 4 Lord, save me from my cruel Foe,  
 5 Who wou'd my Footsteps overthrow.  
 6 Nor my Petitions, Lord, forget :  
 7 When in the Field my Foes I met,  
     Thy Helmet on my Head was set.  
  
 8 Lord, if they compass their Desire  
     On me, 'gainst Thee they will conspire ;  
 9 But let them feel consuming Fire !  
 10 May those, who Snares for me have laid,  
     By their own Counsels be betray'd,  
     And to the Pits, they dig, convey'd !  
  
     Thence may they never rise again !  
 11 The Evil-speaker's Tongue restrain,  
     Nor give to Violence the Rein.

- 12 God the Afflicted will restore ;  
 The righteous Man shall stand before  
 13 His Face, and He will feed the Poor.

## P S A L M C X L I .

- 1 L O R D , when I cry, make hast to hear,  
 And to my Voice incline thy Ear :  
 2 So shall my Prayer like Incense rise,  
 My high-rais'd Hands as Sacrifice.  
 3 Lord, set upon my Mouth a Guard,  
 And let its double Door be barr'd.  
 4 Let not my Heart to Sin incline,  
 Nor let my Hand in Mischief join.

The Sinner's Daintys I'll not share :  
 5 The just Man's Strokes I'll meekly bear ;  
 Tho sharply he my Crimes reprove,  
 I'll take it as a Mark of Love :

This like a precious Ointment shed,  
 Will never bruise but heal my Head :  
 And if I find him in Distress,  
 My Thanks and Prayers shall him release.

- 6 His Judges in a Stony Place  
 Falling, my Counsels shall embrace.  
 7 Our scatter'd Bones, like Wood that's cleft,  
 At the Grave's Mouth expos'd are left.

8 To

- 8 To Thee my Eyes, Lord, I direct,  
 From Thee alone Relief expect :  
 To Thee my Soul presents her Suit ;  
 Lord, do not leave her destitute.
- 9 O keep me from the treacherous Snare,  
 Which bloody Hands for me prepare !
- 10 May their own Nets themselves intrap,  
 While by thy Favour I escape.

## P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God with Sighs and Tears I pray'd,  
 Cry'd to him for Relief,
- 2 And humble Supplication made,  
 To represent my Grief.
- 3 My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woe,  
 But Thou my Paths didst know :  
 For in the way thro which I past,  
 A private Snare was laid.
- 4 Amongst my Friends my Eyes I cast,  
 Yet still I wanted Aid ;  
 They all on me like Strangers stare,  
 Nor of my Soul take care.
- 5 Then thus I cry'd, Thou Lord dost know  
 My Refuge is from Thee ;
- 6 My Enemys have brought me low,  
 And are too strong for me,

7 The Righteous, if Thou me restore,  
Thy Bounty will adore.

## PSALM CXLIII:

- 1 **L**ORD, to my Crys give free Access ;  
O hear me in thy Faithfulness !
- 2 Lord, judg me not ; for in thy Eye,  
What Man himself can justify ?
- 3 My Enemys my Soul surround,  
And hope to strike me to the Ground :  
To horrid Darkness I am led,  
Like Men for many Ages dead.
- 4 My Spirits sink beneath the Weight ;  
My languid Heart is desolate.
- 5 The Days of old I recollect,  
And on thy wondrous Works reflect.
- 6 Thy Grace my fainting Soul implores,  
As the dry Furrow thirsts for Show'rs.
- 7 Lord, speedily thy Face unveil,  
And hear me, for my Strength does fail,  
Like his, who to the Pit descends.
- 8 My early Voice, thy Ear attends :  
For fear my wandring Soul shou'd stray,  
Lord, be her Guide in all her way.

- 9 To Thee her Refuge she does fly,  
To save her from the Enemy.  
10 Teach me thy Will, and let thy Hand  
Conduct me to the Living Land.  
  
11 Quicken my Soul, on Thee she waits  
To be deliver'd from her Straits :  
12 Lord, for thy Mercy's sake destroy  
Those who my Sorrow make their Joy.

## P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 G OD is my Rock, my Tow'r, my Shield ;  
He taught my Hands the Sword to wield,  
2 And I, supported by his Power,  
Go forth the Nations Conqueror.  
  
3 O what is Man, to Thee compar'd,  
That Thou his Offspring dost regard !  
4 Man of mere Vanity is made,  
His Days soon vanish like a Shade.  
  
5 Descend, and make the Mountains smoke,  
And tremble at thy Thunder's Stroke.  
6 Lord, thy wing'd Lightnings round thee throw,  
And with thy Darts confound thy Foe.  
  
7 Stretch from above thy Hand, and save  
Thy Servant from the swelling Wave ;  
8 From the strange Childrens Rage, whose Tongues  
Are arm'd with Yes, their Hands with Wrongs.

## PART II:

- 9 New Anthems then I will invent,  
Set to a ten-string'd Instrument.  
10 God from the Sword delivers Kings,  
And saving Health to *David* brings.  
  
11 Save me from Tongues which Lyes defile,  
From Hands of Violence and Guile.  
12 Then shall our Sons spread like the Vine,  
Daughters like polish'd Marble shine.  
  
13 Our Fields with joyful Fruits shall spring,  
Our Flocks ten thousand young shall bring;  
14 Our Oxen be for Labour strong,  
No Tumults in our Streets shall throng.  
15 Such Blessings shall descend on those  
Whom God has for his People chose.

## PSALM CXLV.

- 1 O LORD, my God, my Songs to Thee  
Shall, like Thy self, immortal be!  
2 For ever I'll thy Praise expres,  
And every Day thy Name will bless.  
  
3 Great is the Lord, his Praise no Bounds  
Confine, no Line his Greatness sounds.  
4 That Generation which succeeds,  
Shall learn from this thy mighty Deeds.

↓

5 The

- 5 The Honour of thy Majesty  
 6 I'll sing, how wonderful! how high!  
 7 The measures of thy Grace who know?  
 8 Thy Mercy's swift, thy Anger slow.  
  
 9 O'er all, God's Guardian Mercy stands,  
   His Bounty falls from equal Hands.  
 10 His wondrous Power his Works proclaim,  
   For which the Saints shall bless his Name.

## P A R T II.

- 11 God's Majesty, his Power, the State  
 12 Of his Dominion, Saints relate;  
   So large, so lasting, so renown'd,  
 13 As neither Place nor Time shall bound.  
  
 14 Thy Hand supports the drooping Head;  
   Has rais'd the Low, the Hungry fed.  
 15 The whole Creation, Men and Beasts,  
 16 Attending Thee, thy Bounty feasts.  
  
 17 Justice and Truth thy Ways secure;  
   And, like Thy self, thy Works are pure.  
 18 To them that pray the Lord is near,  
   To all who pray and are sincere.  
  
 19 Their Suits he grants, their Wants supplys,  
   And saves them when he hears their Crys.  
 20 All this the righteous Man enjoys,  
   But the Ungodly God destroys.

21 My Lips his Praises shall proclaim,  
And all who live shall bless his Name.

## PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 MY Soul to God, her Lord and King,  
2 Whilst she has Life, shall sing ;  
3 Thy Trust, in none of Human Race,  
No not in Princes place.  
4 For when these shall to Dust retire,  
Their Thoughts with them expire :  
5 But he whose Hope on God does rest,  
Shall be for ever blest.
- 6 God is by Heaven and Earth ador'd,  
Because he keeps his Word :  
7 His Mercy still relieves th' Opprest,  
And does the Hungry feast.  
8 He to the Blind restores his Eyes,  
The Captive's Bands unties :  
9 The Poor he raises from the Dust,  
And ever loves the Just :

He Strangers, Widows, Fatherless,  
Redeems from sad Distress ;  
But Sinners, in their Ways o'erthrown,  
He will turn upside down.  
10 In *Sion* God will still remain,  
And there for ever reign :  
Praise him who does in *Sion* dwell,  
And all his Wonders tell.



## P S A L M C X L V I I .

- 1 **W**ITH decent Joys let us declare  
God's Praises, and his Wonders tell ;
- 2 Who *Sion's* Breaches will repair,  
And gather scatter'd *Israel*.
- 3 His Hand the broken Heart makes found,  
His Hand binds up the bleeding Wound.
- 4 The Number of the Stars He counts,  
And gives a Name to every Light ;
- 5 His Power all other Power surmounts,  
His Knowldg too is Infinite :
- 6 The Meek with Honour He has crown'd,  
And thrown the Haughty to the Ground.
- 7 To God let your Thanksgivings rise,  
And with your Harps express your Mirth !
- 8 He covers with thick Clouds the Skys,  
From whence his Show'rs inrich the Earth ;
- 9 And the high Mountains Tops, t' invest  
With Grass, for Food to every Beast.
- The hungry Ravens God does feed ;
- 10 He values not the pamper'd Horse,  
Who runs his Course with wondrous Speed ;  
Nor is he pleas'd with Human Force :
- 11 But his Delight is in the Just,  
In those who in his Mercy trust.

- 12 *Jerusalem* with Praise shall wait,  
And *Sion* shall her Joys express ;  
 13 God with his Strength defends her Gate,  
And all that in her dwell does bless ;  
 14 Restores her Peace : she with the Bread,  
Made of the finest Flow'r, is fed.  
  
 15 The Earth of his Command is full,  
His Word with Expedition flies :  
 16 His Snow the Mountains clothes like Wool,  
His Frost like scatter'd Ashes lies ;  
 17 His Ice the Streams together holds,  
Who can resist his piercing Colds ?  
  
 18 When his refreshing Gales appear,  
Th'imprison'd Streams with Freedom flow :  
 19 His Judgments *Israel* shall hear,  
And *Jacob* shall his Statutes know.  
Not thus with other Lands he deals,  
But from their Eyes his Light conceals.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1 IN the Third Heaven, to God their King,  
 2 Legions of Angels Praises sing :  
 3 His Sacred Host his Name declares,  
The Sun, the Moon, the lesser Stars.  
  
 4 Ye highest Orbs his Praise present ;  
Ye Floods, above the Firmament,  
 5 His Power and Honour celebrate,  
Who you from nothing did create ;

6 When

- 6 When his Creation he approv'd,  
He said, you never shou'd be mov'd.  
7 Let the Sea praise him with the Earth,  
And all that from their Wombs take Birth !
- 8 Thunder and Lightning, Hail and Snow,  
The Storms that fall, and Winds that blow ;  
9 Ye lesser Hills, ye Mountains high,  
Ye Cedars which approach the Sky ;
- 10 Fruit-bearing Trees, Bulls, Horses, Sheep,  
The Birds that fly, and Worms that creep ;  
11 Princes who keep the World in Awe,  
And Judges who declare the Law :
- 12 Their Maker let both Sexes praise,  
Whom Youth confirms, and Age decays.  
13 God's Name all other Names excels,  
He above Earth, above Heav'n dwells.  
14 He his own *Israel's* Horn has rais'd,  
And therefore by his Saints is prais'd.

## P S A L M C X L I X .

- 1 YE Saints, in your Assemblies raise  
Your Voice to God, new Songs to sing ;  
2 Let *Israel* his Creator praise,  
And *Sion* magnify her King.  
3 With cheerful Timbrels let them dance,  
And with their Harps his Praise advance.

- 4 God's People are his Joy, the Meek  
With his Salvation shall be crown'd :  
 5 Then let his Saints his Favour seek,  
And on their Beds his Name resound.  
 6 Their Mouths shall with his Praise be fill'd,  
Their Hands a two-edg'd Sword shall wield,  
  
 7 The Heathen Nations to confound.  
In Chains he leads their Captive Kings ;  
 8 Their Lords in Iron Fetters bound,  
Before his Judgment-Seat he brings.  
 9 Such Honour, in his Sacred Word,  
God gives his Saints. *Praise ye the Lord.*

## P S A L M CL.

- 1 G OD's Honour in his Temple raise  
To th'vaulted Sky, where high he dwells :  
 2 Proportion to his Works your Praise,  
Most praising where he most excels.  
  
 3 With Trumpets Sound his Praise advance,  
Your great and lesser Cymbals ring :  
 4 To Harp, to Lute, to Viols dance ;  
Let all who breathe his Praises sing.

*H A L L E L U Y A H.**A L L G L O R Y T O G O D.**The End of the Psalms.*

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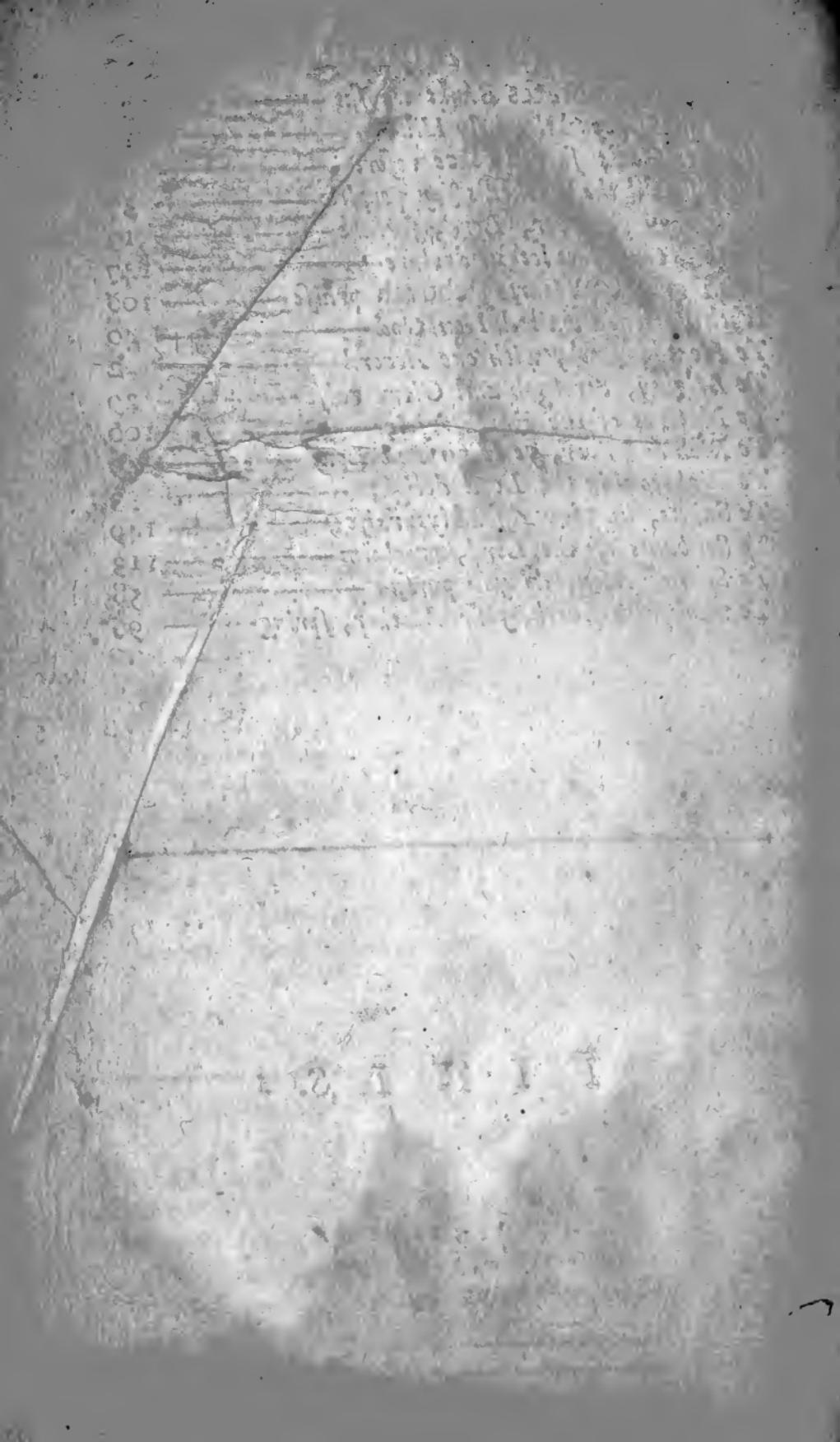
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F I N I S.



**DENHAM (SIR JOHN).**

14945b **Cato Major of Old Age.** A POEM. By the Honourable Sir John Denham, Knight of the Bath. *Henry Herringman*, 1669. 8vo,  
*sewn*. £2 2s

14946 **A Version of the Psalms of David,** FITTED TO THE TUNES USED IN CHURCHES. By the Honourable Sir JOHN DENHAM, Knight of the Bath. *J. Bowyer*, 1714. FIRST EDITION. 8vo, *old calf*. £2 2s

Dedication to the Earl of Derby by Heighes Woodford, Preface by Sir John Denham (25 pp.).

